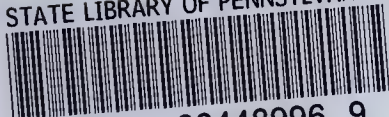


STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA



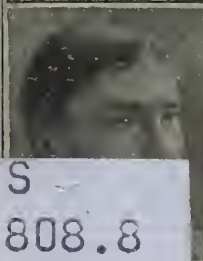
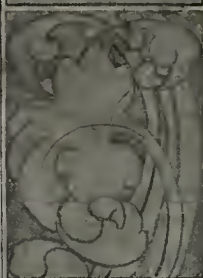
3 0144 00448996 9



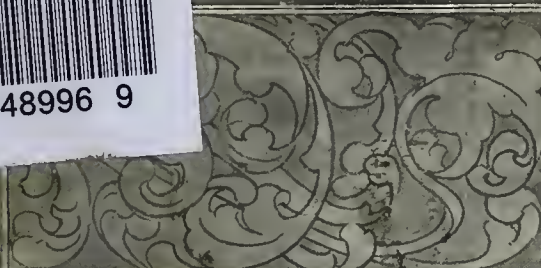
LELAND T. POWERS



SARAH CONWELL LEMOYNE



JOHN W. CHURCHILL



CHARLES ROBERTS

WERNER'S READINGS & RECITATIONS

No. ELOCUTIONARY
30 STUDIES



EDGAR S. WERNER
NEW YORK



Published by
EDGAR S. WERNER & CO.
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1888, 1903, by Edgar S. Werner



JOHN W. CHURCHILL

S
808.8
W459r
no.30

in 2020 with funding from

made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museums and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Pennsylvania Commonwealth Libraries.

WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 30

Elocutionary Studies

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
ANNA RANDALL-DIEHL



EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1888, 1903, by Edgar S. Werner

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE!

THESE RECITATIONS WERE WRITTEN OR ADAPTED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS BOOK; THEY ARE COPYRIGHTED, AND ALL RIGHTS ARE RESERVED. THE PUBLIC ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST AN UNAUTHORIZED USE OF THEM. NO INFRINGEMENT UPON THE COPYRIGHT WILL BE PERMITTED.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Preface	v
Hints for Study	vii
Alice Ayres.—Emilia Aylmer Blake	14
Barnyard Melodies.—Fred Emerson Brooks	163
Bonny Wee Hoose, The.—William Lyle	142
Brothers, The.—Marietta Holley	11
Burgomaster's Death, The, adapted from "The Bells" (with directions).—Thomas F. Wilford	32
Burning Ship, The, from "Onnalinda" (with analysis).—J. H. McNaughton	1
Chant of the Cross-Bearing Child, The —James Whitcomb Riley	88
Charlie.—Fanny Foster Clark	64
Children of the Bonnet Rouge.—Victor Hugo	181
Christmas Gift, A.—David L. Proudfit	111
Coal Digger, The.—Jessie F. O'Donnell	183
Corpse's Husband, The (with directions)	30
Coupon Bonds.—J. T. Trowbridge	147
Courtships of Adolphus McDuff, The	25
Dandelion and Clover-Top.—May Riley Smith	170
Decoration Day.—Dr. E. P. Thwing	144
Derby Day.—Fanny Foster Clark	168
Dream of Sister Agnes, The (with analysis)	37
Easter in a Hospital Bed.—Nym Crinkle	57
Erl-König, The, in German and in English, with history of Schubert's composition and its first presentation. (Arranged for several readers.)—Mabelle B. Biggart	189
Essay on Necks.—Laura M. Bronson	108
Ethan Allen (with analysis).—George Lansing Raymond	48
Execution of Louis XVI., The, as played by Ristori	185
Fate of Mackay, The.—Noah Little	98
First Snow, The.—Ella Dietz	103
Fishing (with analysis).—Ella Wheeler Wilcox	42
Five Little Chickens	125
Flag at Half-Mast, The (with analysis).—Helen M. Cooke	21
French Ensign, The.—Alphonse Daudet	76
Fritz.—Anna Randall Diehl	109

L. C. 16-20

General Grant's English.—Mark Twain	74
Give Me Back My Boy.—Jasper Garnet	128
Gypsy Flower Girl, The (with analysis).—Ed. L. McDowell	114
Hen-Hussey, The	96
He Pays License on a Dog	126
How Pat Went Courting	16
I Wonder What Maud Will Say ?—Samuel Minturn Peck	71
"Jeffful, The" (with directions).—John Habberton	100
Juliet.—Louis F. Austin	45
Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue.—Samuel Minturn Peck	89
Mental Arithmetic (with directions)	90
Mirandy.—Eva Wilder McGlasson	95
Mme. Eef	195
Mr. Bowser among the Dressmakers	83
Mrs. Magoogin on Spring Bonnets and Spring Poetry.—John J. Jenkins	44
Mrs. Piper.—Marian Douglas	198
Music of Nature, The.—Mary Frost Ormsby	146
Out at Sea.—J. S. Fletcher	197
Owl in Church.—Rosa Vertner Jeffrey	68
Parson's Cradle, The.—Anna Randall-Diehl	179
Path of the Cyclone.—Meta E. B. Thorne	173
Phantom Ball, The.—Rosa Vertner Jeffrey	106
Pin, A.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox	175
Plighted. A. D. 1887.—Alice Williams Brotherton	129
Press Evangel, The.—John Boyle O'Reilly	61
Red Bird, The.—William H. Hayne	70
Rover in Church.—James Buckham	181
Sale of the Pig.—Jessie F. O'Donnell	177
Sea-side Flirtation, A.—Samuel Minturn Peck	162
Senator's Grandmother, The.—Patience Stapleton	139
Soldier's Return, The.—Hudson Tuttle	138
Spring Poet, The—Hal Berte	97
Star of Democracy, The (with analysis).—Henry Watterson	79
Stone Cutter, The.—Elizabeth Akers	136
They Don't Agree	196
Two Bells.—Rev. J. W. Sanborn	166
Two Valentines (with analysis).—May Riley Smith	91
Very Bad Case, A (with directions).—F. H. Stauffer	63
Voice of the People, The.—James G. Clark	18
Winnifred, Walter and the W's (with directions)	86
Women of the War.—Annie Thomas	73

HINTS FOR STUDY.

If you read aloud from the book, make the matter so familiar by quick grasp of subject or profound study that your eyes may not necessarily be glued to the printed page ; in other words, look from the book as you read. Practice taking in a long clause with one stroke of the eye, then look from the book while uttering the words. Your tone is better when the head is erect. There is full play of the vocal organs and the utterance is not cramped. You impress people more if you look at them when speaking ; and in return you receive aid and inspiration from your hearers. When the upturned faces before you show an appreciation of your effort to interest and amuse, they make your task easy. The influence of the reader or orator upon his audience is no less than that of the audience upon him ; it must be reciprocal.

Choose your selection for recitation or declamation with a view to its worth, the use you wish to make of it, and the value it will be as a study. For recitation, select what is picturesque, dramatic or characteristic in style. You must see, feel or imitate. The best reader photographs the image in his own mind upon the minds of his hearers. His own soul is roused to noble purpose before he can rouse others. In proportion as he loves the good and hates the base, will his listeners be moved in like degree.

Commit to memory the words of the text. Learn the exact language ; in other words, be *letter perfect*. If you allow yourself to commit in a slipshod, half-perfect way, you will fall into a vicious habit which it is almost impossible to break. Take time to be thorough. It is only the careless school-boy who attempts to recite a thing the minute it seems to be committed to memory. Nine times out of ten, in such cases, the prompter's aid is required, and sometimes even that is not effectual. The novice or amateur takes a much less time to commit and practice a new recitation than a

professional reader of experience would require. It is only when the words are absolutely yours that you can handle them in expression. When the memory has really received what you have entrusted to her keeping, she will pour it forth at your bidding, and that without spur or cudgel.

Having learned the words, resolve to make as much of your selection as its worth will warrant. To simply call words, is to read without warmth or color. You cannot afford to do anything poorly. You must study carefully the exact meaning of the text and then decide how you can best elucidate it. To do this you must bring out your scenes and your characters graphically, properly disposing them upon right and left, as you would imagine objects or groups of persons in position. Try to give each character individuality, without anything approaching buffoonry. This is done by lights and shades of tone of voice, by variations of emphasis, time, pause and by characteristic expression.

Fanny Kemble would read a whole play and give every member of the dramatic personage composing it a distinct personality. She was not obliged to announce the names of the characters after their introduction had been made. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, King Duncan, Banquo and Macduff made their entrances and exits each in proper person.

You must understand how to develop the plot; how to reach the climax and to bring out the moral if there be one, covert or expressed. To be able to do all this well you should, of course, have elocutionary training.

Cultivate imagination. The reader is the idealist, *par excellence*, having no material aid. The actor upon the dramatic or lyric stage has the orchestra, the scenery, the costumes and his associate actors; but the reader creates his stage-settings, conjures up his people and gives them vitality. It is only when they are indelibly fixed in his own mind that he can transfer them to the minds of his hearers.

When reciting you must forget yourself. You can afford to set your own individuality in the background. There was never a good speaker who was not willing to put himself out of sight.

Repose of manner must be attained ; not the repose of inaction or inanition, but of self-control. Stand properly. Half the battle is gained when you have the right position upon the feet, and can change the equilibrium at will. Never assume unmeaning attitudes, gestures, tones. Making a queer face, alone, cannot please an intelligent audience. Man is homogeneous in his expression. God has so made the human voice and the human face that they coincide, and no tone of voice can be given with an opposite or contradictory expression of face. Let the face alone, and the soul behind it will give it the proper expression.

Do not trust to inspiration at the time of delivery. Have everything prepared in advance, so that when the auspicious moment arrives you will not once think of the manner or of what you are doing. It is said that Talma absolutely calculated all effects, leaving nothing to chance, and was so much the master of his dramatic efforts that he could recite the scene between Augustus and Cinna while performing a problem in arithmetic.

Be superior to moods. It is absurd to say that you cannot control your moods. It is only a weakling who is not superior to a rainy day, an autumnal blast, the heat of summer or the cold of winter. Let not your personal joys or griefs affect your artistic efforts.

Accept criticism when offered in a kindly spirit. It may or may not be just, and should be most carefully weighed. The writer has received most valuable criticisms from what might have been considered ignoble sources. When studying Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln," I submitted the bird trills to a man who went barefooted all summer, not because he did not have money to buy shoes, but because he considered himself more comfortable without them. He had always lived in the country and knew every bird by its notes. I could not have had a better judge, for he was able to tell me instantly where my representation was good and where faulty, though he could not have made a tone of the kind himself.

I was once trying to work up an imitation of the sound of the wind, to be given in Longfellow's "Sunrise at Sea." A young lady was ignorant of my proximity to her, though she was in the range

of my vision and heard my practice. When the sound caught her ear she listened, seemed surprised ; then she opened the door and looked out upon the garden where not a zephyr was stirring. She was now completely puzzled, but presently, changing her position, she discovered my presence. "Was that you?" she cried, running up an octave of surprise on the last word. "Why, I thought it was the wind; the sun was shining so brightly and the air seemed so quiet that I could not imagine how the wind could be heard." Her mistake gave me positive proof that I was right in practice.

I once submitted the baby-cry I was trying to get, to Bridget in the kitchen, from whose brawny arms several babies had one by one been taken. "It is a little loike a baby, but more loike a whine of a dog," was the verdict. The next day she said: "Yer gettin' it more loike a baby, mum." How proud I felt of that compliment. "Oh, I'd not know it from the cryin' of my own bairn," she said later, and I could scarcely keep from hugging the old creature. But when the parrot broke out in imitation of the cry and then added, "Shut up, you brat," I was fairly beside myself with joy.

Study nature in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the street, on the cars when traveling, everywhere. The book is always open; learn to read its pages. The bugle notes which I heard each night from the fort in my own city, were utilized in Tennyson's "Bugle Song." Bridget, Phillis and Gretchen have proved most excellent teachers, giving me respectively the key to Irish, Negro and German dialects.

We hear of the decline of interest in elocution, but there is not a word of truth in it. There was never much demand for poor elocution, and there is certainly none now. There is no place for mediocrity or charlatantry; but highest excellence was never more in demand than at the present time.

THE BURNING SHIP.

J. H. McNAUGHTON.

We are very fortunate in being able to secure, for publication, this stirring extract from the new Indian romance in verse, "Onnalinda." The best papers of England and Scotland have given the most unqualified praise to "Onnalinda," and it has been recited, in abridged form, by some of the best readers of America. Only an *edition de luxe*, costing \$100, has been published in this country. We shall hail with pleasure the lower-priced edition which is promised. The author kindly furnished the following explanation of the extract here given:

The incident is this: The princess, Onnalinda, by her fascinating beauty, had won from the ranks of her enemies the chivalrous Captain Eben Stark. His devotion led him frequently within the enemy's lines. One night, during one of these clandestine wanderings, his comrades made the camp merry with jest and joke over the impassioned captain. Ronald Kent (the captain's bosom friend), vexed with their raillery, and to convince them that "the loving are the daring," recited this ballad; but first he gave them this indignant rebuke:

"FOOLS! for ye know not what ye say.
One glance of his in battle-fray
Will keener pierce by simple threats
Than all your swords and bayonets!
'Timid?' say tender. Had ye known
What I have seen, when he alone
(Of all a shrieking multitude)
'Twixt Innocence and Horror stood,—
Varlets! ye had not jested so.
Your jests are gross,—give me your ears,
Your quips, perchance, will end in tears;
I tell no ballad coarse and stale;
'Tis new as true my simple tale."

Their sparkling mirth they ceased anon,
And their eyes grew moist as the tale went on;

I.

'Twas off the coast of Scarboro'
In sixteen eighty-three;
An April night fell lowering
Upon an angry sea.
And on the heights above the town
Was many a watcher gazing down,
And murmuring with a shrug and frown:
"A woeful night 'twill be!"

II.

The wind across the surges
Came howling to the land;
In foaming wrath the breakers
Came bounding on the strand;
When with a voice from turret high
Sounded aloud that startled cry:
"A wreck! a wreck!—Shoremen, ahoy!
She's plunging for the land!"

III.

Down from the heights went skurrying
The wreckers to the shore,
And women wild, who seaward smiled
Hopeful an hour before!
The ship—great God!—in flames her prow!—
The flames are bursting from her bow!
She speeds full sail!—
Thank Heaven, the gale
Is blowing to the shore!

IV.

Red are the waves before her—
Each crest a flaming brand—

On rock she swings

Her larboard to the land.

V.

In fire and flood . . .

But a hundred yards from shore.

VI.

Cowards are we,

To cringe at watery shroud ? ”

VII.

Athwart the breakers plunging
Went gallant men and yawl;
A rope they bore, the coil on shore
Trailed out with snaky crawl.
Behold! they sink!—

A mountain wave
 Buries them deep in yawning grave!
 A shriek! a wail from women pale
 The bravest souls appall.

VIII.

Up! see! — the dauntless heroes
 Upon the surges rise!
 “Praise God!” a shout from ship and shore
 Breaks upward to the skies.
 “Courage!” — peals out that stranger’s shout,—
 He strikes the wreck . . .
 He leaps on deck . . .
 His rope ties fast to mizzen mast,
 And, “*Down the rope!*” he cries.

IX.

Swift, one by one, like pigeons
 From startled cote, they pour —
 They glide on rope through breakers
 Hand over hand to shore . . .
 The flames! the flames!
 With hiss and gnash
 Sternward their tongues of fire they flash,
 And on the flames the surges dash
 With seething shriek and roar!

X.

The last man’s o’er the taffrail —
 Alone the stranger . . . No!
 Horrors! — up from the hatchway
 A woman from below! —
 Clasp ing her child, in terror wild
 Shrieking:
 “O God! my child! my child!”
 To the stranger’s breast her babe she prest
 In agony of woe.

XI.

Tho' singed with fire that hero
To his breast the babe he bound ;
Then to the sea leapt mother and he—
She clasping him around.
Now on the rope, hand over hand,
Thro' breakers plunging for the strand—
“ Hold to the rope ! it *burns* ! ”—
From land
Rings out the trumpet-sound.

XII.

A shuddering cry uprises
From thousands on the lee—
The rope it parts, and, flaming, darts
And hisses in the sea !
“ Hold to the rope ! ”
Alas ! a wave
O'erwhelms him deep—that hero brave !
Down, down, they sink into that grave—
The mother, babe, and he.

XIII.

There is a sudden silence
Hushes the land in awe,
As over the sands a hundred hands
That willing rope they draw . . .
“ PRAISE GOD, THE LORD ! ”
Bursts sudden cry
From thousand voices raised on high . . .
See ! on the land, above the strand,
Silent and pale they lie !

XIV.

In fixed grasp that hero
The rope still firmly holds !

Persons represented { The stranger, Captain Eben Stark ; Mother ;
Child ; Watchers ; Wreckers ; Women ;
Three assistants of Eben Stark ; People
upon the ship ; The multitude on shore.

Time—Month, April ; Year, 1683.

All words of value are made more or less emphatic. Imagine that they constitute the answers to a series of questions running through the entire composition. Speak the words as if in reply to these questions, and you will fully express the meaning of the text.

I.

Where is the scene of this poem laid ? In “Scarboro.”

When ? “In sixteen eighty-three.”

How is the night described ? As an “April” night.

How did the night fall ? “Lowering.”

Where ? Upon a “sea.”

What kind of a sea ? An “angry” sea.

Who was gazing down ? “Many a watcher.”

Whence ? From “heights.”

Where ? “Above the town.”—(A parenthetic expression.)

What were the watchers doing beside gazing ? “Murmuring.”

How ? With “shrug and frown.”

What did they say ? “A woeful night ’t will be.”

What kind of a night ? “Woeful.”

II.

How did the wind come ? “Howling.”

Whence ? “Across the surges.”

Where ? “To the land.”

How did breakers come ? “Bounding.”

Where ? “On the strand.”

How ? “Foaming.”

Whence came voice ? “Turret high.”

What did the voice do ? Sounded cry.

What was said ? “A wreck ! A wreck ! Shoremen, ahoy !”

How is the wreck described ? As “plunging for the land.”

III.

Who came from the heights ? “The wreckers.”

How did they come ? “Skurrying.”

Where did they go ? “To the shore.”

Who else went to the shore? "Women."
How did these women smile an hour before? "Hopeful."
Attention is called to what? "The ship."
What is the matter with her? Her prow is in flames.
What else? "The flames are bursting from her bow."
How does she go? "She speeds full sail."
What one thing is favorable? "The gale is blowing to the shore."

IV.

What are red? "The waves."
How are waves described? They are "red."
Each crest is like what? "A flaming brand."
What does the vessel do? "She leaps toward the strand."
What does the trumpet ring? The words "Ahoy! ahoy!"
What next is done by the vessel? She springs on a hidden reef—she clings to a rock—she swings on the rock!
How does she lie? "Her larboard to the land."

V.

What arise? "Shrieks of terror."
How many? "A thousand."
Whence? "From ship and shore."
What do the trumpet notes blare out? "Launch, launch the boats."
What happened to every boat? It was crushed and wrecked by the breakers.
How? "Like shells."
What was now the situation of the vessel? It was stranded.
How? "In fire and flood."
Where? "But a hundred yards from shore."

VI.

What happened then? A stranger stept through the crowd, down to the beach.
What did he do? "He doffed his cloak."
How did he speak? "With startling voice and loud."
What did he say? "Come on with me the bravest three."
What did they do? Plunged into the sea in a yawl.
What else did the stranger say? "Give me the rope." "We are cowards to cringe at watery shroud."

VII.

Where did the gallant men and yawl go? "Plunging athwart the breakers."

What did they carry? "A rope."

Where was the coil? "On shore."

How did the rope trail out? "With snaky crawl."

What happens to the men? "They sink."

What then occurs? "A wave buries them."

How? "Deep."

What kind of a wave? "A mountain wave."

Buries them where? "In (a) grave."

What kind of a grave? "In yawning grave."

VIII.

What is seen? "The dauntless heroes upon the surges rise."

What shout goes up from ship and shore? "Praise God."

What does the stranger shout? "Courage."

What does he do? "He strikes the wreck—he leaps on deck," he ties his rope to the mizzen mast.

What is his command to the people on the ship? "Down the rope."

IX.

What is done? They pour from the ship, they glide on the rope to the shore.

How? "Hand over hand."

Where do they glide? "Through (the) breakers."

How do the flames flash? "With hiss and gnash."

Where? "Sternward."

What dashes on the flames? "The surges."

How? "With seething shriek and roar."

X.

What of the stranger? He is alone on the ship.

Is this true? "No."

Who is seen? "A woman."

Whence does she come? "Up from the hatchway."

What is she doing? "Clasping her child"

How? "In terror wild."

What does she shriek? "O God! my child! my child!"

What did she do? Prest her babe to the stranger's breast.

XI.

What did the hero do? "He bound the babe to his breast."

What then followed? The mother and he leaped into the sea.

How was the woman saved from drowning? By "clasping him around."

How do they go? "On the rope, hand over hand," plunging through the breakers.

What happens to the end of the rope which is fastened to the ship? "It burns."

XII.

What is the consequence? "It parts, and darts and hisses in the sea."

What do they cry out from the land? "Hold to the rope."

What next happens? "A wave o'erwhelms that hero brave," and the mother, babe and he sink into the grave made by it.

XIII.

What is the effect upon the people? "A sudden silence hushes the land in awe."

What is done by a hundred hands? They draw the rope.

What cry bursts out? "Praise God, the Lord."

From whom? A "thousand voices."

What is the reason of this cry?

"See! on the land, above the strand,
Silent and pale they lie."

XIV.

What does the hero still do? "In fixed grasp (he) firmly holds the rope."

What else? He holds that mother's sleeve with his teeth.

After a little time passes what happens? "He speaks! he stirs! he wakes! he starts as from a dream!"

XV.

What is seen when the mother recovers consciousness? Her "lips are quivering."

How? "As if to speak."

When able to speak what does she do? Calls for her child.

What else? "She gazes toward the burning barque."

What did the stranger do? He "smiled" and "unbound his breast."

What was then seen? "The babe lay smiling in its nest."

What did the mother shriek? "My child! my child! Thank God! my child."

XVI.

What was then done by the multitude? They "came surging, and round that stranger prest."

How did they express their approval of his brave deed? "They blest (him) with prayer and cry that reached the sky."

Did the stranger answer? "Not a word."

What did he do? He smiled calmly, donned his cloak, bowed and vanished.

What was the universal question? Who was the stranger.

What was the answer? "EBEN STARK."

THE BROTHERS.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

This author is so well known under the pseudonym of "Josiah Allen's Wife" that we have almost grown to think it her real name. While her quaint, humorous writings have such a well-merited popularity, her poetry is not much known, and the following will be gladly welcomed. In all her writings beneath irresistible humor or profound pathos there is always the undercurrent of sound sense, the moral or religious lesson. What parson could preach a better sermon than is found in this poem? The elder brother served God in his cell with vigils, fastings, prayers; the younger went out into the world and toiled; he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and ministered to the sick and dying. When the elder died he had the look of one who through much peril enters into rest, the other as he passed from earth stretched out his hands and with a smile as if his dearest friends were bidding him welcome, cried "Thy face! thy face! dear Lord!" The last stanza is exquisitely beautiful.

HIGH on a rocky steep did once a gray old castle stand,
From whence rough-bearded chieftains led their vassals, ruled
the land.

For centuries had dwelt here sire and son, till it befell,
Last of the ancient line, two brothers here alone did dwell.

The eldest was stern-visaged, but the younger smooth and fair
Of countenance; both zealous men who bent the knee in prayer
To the one God, loved much, read much His Holy Word,
And prayed, above all gifts desired, that they might see their Lord.

For this the elder brother carved a silent cell of stone ;
Into its empty, dreary depths he entered, dwelt alone,
And strove with vigils, fastings, prayers, to purify his gaze,
Striving if so he might behold the blessed Master's face.

And from the love of God that falls on us in bright-lipped flowers,
And from the smile of God that falls in sunshine's golden showers,
Thrilling Earth's slumbering heart so, where its warm rays fall,
That it laughs out in beauty—turned he as from tempters all,

From bird-song running morn's sweet-scented chalice o'er with cheer,
Childhood's light laughter, dear love, lifting lowliest souls to Heaven
near ;

From tears and glad smiles, linked light and gloom of the golden
day,

He, counting them temptations all, austere turned away.

And thus he lived alone, unblest, and died, unblest, alone,
Save for a brother monk who held the carved cross of stone
In the cold, rigid clasp, the while the dying eyes did wear
A look of mortal striving, mortal agony and prayer —

Though at the very last, as the stiff fingers dropped the cross,
A gleam as from some distant city swept his face across ;
The clay lips settled into calm — this did the monk attest —
The look of one who through much peril enters into rest.

Not thus did he, the younger brother, seek the dear Lord's face,
But in Earth's lowliest places did he strive His steps to trace ;
Wherever want and grief besought with clamorous complaint,
There he beheld his Lord, naked, athirst, and faint.

And when his hands were wet with tears, wrung with a grateful
grasp,

He lightly felt upon his palm the elder brother's clasp ;
And when above the loathsome couch of woe and want knelt he,
A low voice thrilled his soul,—“ So have ye done it unto Me.”

Despised he not the mystic ties of blood, yet did he claim
The wider brotherhood, with every race and name ;
To his own kin loyal and kind was he in truth, yet still
His mother and his brethren were all who did God's will.

All little ones were dear to him, for light from Paradise
Seemed falling on him from their pure and innocent eyes ;
The very flowers that fringed cool streams and gemmed the dewy
sod,
To his rapt vision seemed but the visible smiles of God.

The deep's full heart that throbs unceasing 'gainst the silent ships,
The waves together whispering with weird, mysterious lips—
To hear their untranslated hymn, drew down his anointed ear,
And listening, lo ! he heard God's voice, to him was He so near.

The happy hum of bees to him made Summer silence sweet,
Not lightly did he view the very grass beneath his feet ;
Did it not pave His presence chamber where he walked a guest ?
Ah, slight the veil between, in very truth his life was blest.

And when, on a still sunset, passed he to the Summer land,
Those whom he had befriended, weeping, clinging to his hand,
The west gleamed with a sudden glory, and from out the glow
Trembled the semblance of a crown, and rested on his brow.

And with wild, eager eyes he smiled, and stretched his hands abroad,
As if his dearest friends were welcoming him to his abode.
Eternal silence sealed that wond'rous smile as he cried :
"Thy face ! thy face ! dear Lord !" and saying this he died.

But legends tell that on his grave fell such a strange, pure light,
That wine-red roses planted thereupon would spring up white,
Holding such mystic healing in their cool snow bloom, that lain
On aching brows, or most sorrowful hearts, they would ease their
pain.

ALICE AYRES.

EMILIA AYLMER BLAKE.

WHAT'S there beneath, where the flowers in a heap
Rain down like the snows of May,
That a fellow like me should turn and weep
As I linger to go away ?

What has happened ? Well, one dark night
Last week, I was roaming about
Through the crowded streets, when a sudden light
Roused me up with a start and a shout.

In the burning frame of a window above,
Was set a woman's form,
And a cry, " Help ! Help ! For God's dear love !"
Rang out above the storm.

Quick, quick, to the rescue, firemen brave
With shouts and galloping feet ;
" They come, they come, but too late to save,"
The cry rose up from the street.

" Leap, leap," they cried, to the ashen face
Hemmed round with darts of flame ;
But she vanished three times from that fearful place,
And three times back she came.

Down through the window, a broad, soft bed
She flung on the cruel stones,
Then calmly bore forth in her arms and led,
Three helpless little ones.

One by one on the bed beneath
She dropped the children down ;
Three lives redeemed from fiery death,
While she thought not of her own.

Then we saw her totter through blinding smoke
As her strength with her breath should fail,
From a sea of flamelit faces broke
One agonizing wail :

“For God’s sake, save yourself,” they shriek,
As they raise the outstretched bed ;
Toward the tongues of fire that licked her cheek
The girl turned round her head.

Oh, God ! those eyes of anguish wild,
Those white lips of despair
Cast back on the mother and youngest child
Sunk, choked and senseless there !

She could no more — in her frenzy wrought
To a rash and sudden spring —
Headforemost, in our arms we caught
A crushed and speechless thing !

We lifted her gently one and all —
No sound of life, no stir,
While we bore her to the hospital,
Gave hope to our hearts for her.

I hung like a ghost about the place
Where silent in death she lay,
With the happy smile on her fair young face,
Till they knew she had passed away.

No soldier nor sailor, by land or sea
In the bed of honor laid,
Was ever more great of heart than she,
That simple serving maid.

Ay, all she had she gave — her life,
For the babes she never bore ;

What could the mother and the wife
For flesh of her flesh do more ?

The deed she has done shall be hallowed yet
By a people's tears and prayers,
For the human heart can never forget
Such a woman as Alice Ayres.

HOW PAT WENT COURTING.

SHE'S consinted at last! Fur two years I'd thocht a dale ov Nelly McCusker, only I had nothin' ov an Irish boy's bouldness to up and tell her that same. But yisterday sez I to mesilf—Pat Murky, now's yer toime. or niver. Nelly was in the pantry washin' dishes, an' sumthin' shouted: Ax her! She's too busy to look at yer, ony way. So I starts on wid:

"Troth, Nelly, it's a bad loife for a boy to be livin' alone."

"Yis," sez she, wid nary a twinkle, "Mike Ryan, that's just bin sent to prison, is in a bad way indade."

"Och," sez I. "there's mony a boy that's lonely livin' rite wid his friends an' naybors. Sure an' I'm lonesome mesilf."

"How can I b'lave that," sez she, "whin y've got a fiddul?"

"Fidduls," sez I. "are cheerin', but I've got me two eyes on somet, on somethin' cheeriner." She forgot to ax me what that sumthin' wus, so I trotted off by another road, sayin':

"Faixh, Nelly, I'm goin' back to ould Ireland."

"Indade," sez she, flirtin' the dishrag, "an' it's a pity ye iver cum over."

"Yis," sez I, "Jane said that same in her last lether."

"An' who's Jane?" axt Nelly, gettin' red loike the crabs on the table besoid her.

"She thinks a power o' me," sez I, onheedn'.

"Shure an' that's quare. Is she young—as me?"

"Yis."

"An' better lookin'?"

"Paple moight think so."

"An' is she waitin' fur ye?"

"Yis."

"She'll be changin' names, sure, I reckon?"

"Yis."

"Wat's her name, now?"

"Jane—Murky!" cried I, wid delight.

"Thin she's your sister?" sez Nelly, cross ez her mistress. "Well, it aint much matter seein' ez how I've got a boy watchin' fur me over in Ballycoran."

"Wat's his name?" axt I, turnin' hot an' cold all at wunst.

"Barney Flynn," sez she.

"About me size?"

"Yis."

"An' duz he luv ye?"

"Nixt to the Vargin."

"Is he comin' over, sure?"

"No."

"Why not, bedad?"

"Och, Pat, he's married alriddy!"

"The spalpeen!" sez I.

"Don't give him hard names," says she. "Barney Flynn's me stip-bruther!" Then she lafit that purty laugh o' hern an' went up close.

"Nelly," sez I.

"Wat, Pat?"

"Cud ye luv a boy loike me?"

"Troth an' I wouldn't thry."

"Why not, darlint?"

"Faith, I wuz niver axt to."

"Thin I'll ax ye now."

"Don't do it," sez she. "I'm that full o' work I couldn't reply for a month," and the dishes flew'd ivry wich way ez she said it. But I sat down on the stip.

"I kin wait," sez I.

"The mistress will come an' foind yez here."

"I'll be plazed to mate her."

"I'll tell her ye're a robber."

"Begorra, that's just what I am, for I'm afther Nelly McCusker's heart!"

"Ye'll be arrested."

"I hay bin alridddy an' yer blu' eyes did it!" sez I. "Cum, Nelly, lock me up in yer warm heart foriver."

"Och, it's boulted an' I've lost the key."

"Thin I'll climb in at the winder." She hung her curly hed fur a minit, and whin she lookt up I axt her to be my woife.

"I'll guv ye foive secinds," sez I. "Ef ye wull, just fotch me the big pewter spoon ye've bin wipin'; ef you won't, thin put it back in the drawer!" She peeped at me over the top av it.

"D'ye mane what ye say, Pat?"

"Yis, darlint," sez I.

"Thin here's the spoon."

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

JAMES G. CLARK.

The author of this selection is a poet, a musical composer and a singer. As a poet he is noted for the beauty and perfection of his rhythm; as a composer for the wonderful adaptation of the music to the sentiment; as a ballad singer he has rare talent. This remarkable poem is a protest of humanity against oppression and injustice. The poet-prophet sees the impending conflict of the age with ancient wrongs, and sounds the tocsin of the people in no uncertain measures. It is eminently suited to be given at this time, when right is so grandly rising against might; but it is worth much as an elocutionary study, alone, irrespective of the popular sentiment it expresses.

There should be, in reading, a general drift of the orotund quality of voice as tone-color, and of the median stress. There is a partial drift of the final stress. The compound stress is given to the emphatic words in the first four lines of the fifth stanza. If you were to insert the words which are understood but not expressed, the lines would read (Is it possible that) the sea must plead in vain that the river? (Is it possible that) the earth begs the rain clouds? Give strong denunciation on first four lines of sixth stanza. Come out grandly on the last.

SWING inward, O gates of the future,
 Swing outward ye doors of the past,
 For the soul of the people is moving
 And rising from slumber at last;

The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signaled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
And trod down the wounded and slain,
While the wars of the Old Time have thundered
And men poured their life-tide in vain ;
The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength is descending
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Swing inward, O gates ! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old.
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands He prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day ;
While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the sea plead in vain that the river
May return to its mother for rest,
And the earth beg the rain clouds to give her
Of dews they have drawn from her breast ?
Lo ! the answer comes back in a mutter
From domes where the quick lightnings glow,

And from heights where the mad waters utter
Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather
In fields where they never have sown,
Who have stolen the jewels from labor
And builded to Mammon a throne ;
For the snow-king asleep by the fountains
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
And descend in his rage from the mountains
Bearing terror, destruction and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
And the sceptre be swept from his hand,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant be chief in the land,—
And the Truth and the Power united
Shall rise from the graves of the True,
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it—
Whose lips never uttered a lie,
And His prophets and poets have read it
In symbols of earth and of sky,
That to him who has reveled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder
And tempest and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O gates of the future !
Swing outward ye doors of the past !
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last,—
From the dust, where his proud tyrants found him
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him
And rule in the realm he has made.

THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST.

 HELEN M. COOKE ("LOTTIE LINWOOD")

This poem was written while the flags were floating at half-mast in honor of Peter Cooper. It was published January 1, 1887, and in the brief time it has been before the public it has been a great favorite. The author has written many other poems of merit, but none in which the chords of the human heart are more deeply touched.

I SAT and watched the flags to-day,
 Some fluttering near, some far away;
 I saw them shrink and cling, as if
 They could not float for weight of grief;
 And then the soothing April wind
 Just kissed their hems with touch so kind,
 They floated out, and I could see
 They all were hung half-mast! "Ah, me!
 Some man is gone! Never," I said,
 "Were flags half-mast for woman dead."

Begin in clear, conversational tone, making "sat," "watched," "flags" emphatic. "Some fluttering near" is given with rising inflection; "some far away" with falling, in order to bring out the contrast of distance. In third line paint the "shrink" by speaking it as if you were indicating the movement of drawing in, or taking little space, and linger on "cling" by dwelling on the last two letters. Sink down to sadness in reading the fourth line, but brighten up and speak the next three lines in a sprightly manner. "They all were hung half-mast" is given plaintively, but the pathos culminates on "Ah, me!" "Some man is gone" is given carelessly, as if the speaker were not interested in knowing whom. "Never" is given with strong downward slide. "I said" is parenthetical, and "half-mast" and "woman" are the words of value in the last line.

And why? Oh, world, I ask you why
 That flag up there in the blue sky,
 That floats half-mast for men who have
 Perchance no laurels for their grave;

The flag for which my grandsires died,
Which was my honored mother's pride,
That gives its pledge of grief to day,
Should not, when I shall pass away—
My work all done, my prayers all said,
Why not half-mast when I am dead ?

Give emphatic falling inflection on "why." "Oh, world" is parenthetic, but receives full force of expression, the voice rising upon "Oh" and falling with distinct emphasis upon "world." "You" is given with falling wave, and "why" with the rising, and followed by a rhetorical pause. The second line is given with quick movement, the slight emphatic strokes being given to "flag, up, there, in, blue, sky." Commence third line slower, pause after "floats;" give lesser emphasis on "half-mast," and much stronger on "men." "Perchance," in the fourth line, is parenthetic; "laurels" is made emphatic by the falling wave of a third, while "grave" is given the rising wave of a third; staccato movement on "The flag for which my grandsires died, which was my honored mother's pride," with emphasis on "grandsires" and "died," and rising wave of a fifth on "honored" and falling on "mother's." Speak this last word tenderly, almost sacredly. Emphasize "I;" give "work" and "all" with rising voice, and "done" with falling, pausing for rhetorical effect briefly after "all;" "prayers" is spoken slowly and devoutly, with falling wave on "prayers" and "all," and rising on "said." Ask the question in last line with intensity, emphasizing "not" and coloring the last four words with pathos.

As soon as life's affections move,
Oh, does not woman learn to love
Each fold and stripe, and every star,
That symbols liberty, not war?
That flag for which the sons she gave
Have marched unflinching to the grave,
That hung half-mast when life had fled,
Yet ne'er would droop o'er her when dead.

The first line is given firmly throughout with more distinct final stress on "move." The most intense patriotic devotion should be shown in the third and fourth lines. Make "liberty" seem desirable and "war" to be averted. Great contrast must be given the two

words. Give fifth and sixth lines with staccato movement, with special emphasis to "unflinching." Next to the last line with tender pathos. The words "ne'er, her, dead" are given with rising wave of the voice; "would, droop, o'er, when," with falling.

If I fought battles all my life,
 With sin and wrong and human strife,
 And gained my victories great and grand
 As any soldier in the land;
 Or taught the lowly how to live;
 Gave to the poor all I could give,
 Gave to life's wounded ones the wine
 From the great healing Fount Divine;
 And turned the evil into good,
 Blessing the world's sad brotherhood
 With deeds of hand, or heart, or pen,
 Of suffering, dying, even like men,
 No starry flag would float o'erhead
 Half-mast that I was lying dead!

Emphasize "battles" in first line; dwell upon "sin, wrong, human strife," with heavy force in second line. Give "victories" its full value, and in speaking "great and grand" make the expression harmonize with the idea. Emphasize "soldier, lowly, poor, wounded, wine, healing, Fount Divine." Downward stroke is given to "evil," rising wave on "good." Dwell upon *ng* in "blessing;" give pathetic tone to "sad;" emphasize "hand, tongue, pen, suffering, dying." Read parenthetic word "even," with lower pitch. Downward wave on "like," upward on "men." "No starry flag would float o'erhead half-mast," given with pathos; pause after "mast." "That I was lying dead" is given in disheartened tone and manner.

And yet I love that flag so well;
 I love to watch its rise and swell,
 Like a proud bird, whose tireless wings
 Could soar through cloudland, as he sings

The song of Freedom, with his might ;
The song of Justice, Truth and Right.
I watch its graceful rise and fall
In the soft air, and think of all
The women who have won a name
Immortal, in the world of fame,
That brighten history's treasured page,
The true of earth, the pure, the sage,
The gentle ones, the singers sweet,
The martyrs with their bleeding feet ;
Yet, had I yielded all I prized,
And even life had sacrificed,
And my poor name had led them all,
No flag half-mast would rise and fall,
In the free heavens overhead,
That I was hushed, and still, and dead.

Begin the last stanza with much feeling, giving a general drift of the final stress. Speak "flag" as if pouring the fullest tone of patriotism into the voice; emphasize "so well." The next three lines are descriptive; emphasize "cloudland," but reserve the greater force for "Justice, Truth, Right." Give these words their grand import in your tone and emphasis. Fall gently in pitch upon "I watch its graceful rise and fall in the soft air;" rise in pitch, give median stress to "all;" final to "women;" culminate the pitch on "Immortal in the world of fame." Pause after "earth, pure, sage, gentle, singers." Speak "martyrs" reverently, "with their bleeding feet" pathetically. Emphasize and give final stress to "yielded;" pause after "all I prized;" emphasize "life" as if it were, as it is, the most valuable thing to you. Pause after "my poor name;" give "all" with great force; drop down to pathetic on "no flag half-mast." Give upward slide on "rise," and downward on "fall;" median stress on "free," falling wave on "heavens" and rising on "overhead." Last line should be given in monotone, with very slow time, and long pauses. "And dead" may be spoken in an emphatic whisper.

THE COURTSHIPS OF ADOLPHUS M'DUFF.

A SUSCEPTIBLE ENGLISH YOUTH.

This selection yields a great amount of humor when well rendered. The special tone of each speaker should be given.

“ I LOVE, thou lovest, he, she, or it loves; we love, you love, they love.” So say the grammar books, and so say all of us. There are, it is true, beings who say they have not loved, they do not love, they will not love, and they cannot love; but they are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Love is a strange and awful mystery, a combination of pleasure and of pain, which none but those who have had the complaint can possibly imagine or comprehend.

I was scarcely out of short jackets when I fell over head, and even ears, in love with a girl that stayed a few doors down the street from us. The symptoms first began to manifest themselves in the form of poetry, in which the lines ended in the orthodox manner with :

.....love
dove
mine
thine
soon
moon
wait
late

as I have been told they always do in such cases. I was seized with violent palpitation of the heart whenever the maiden drew near; and turned so red that I thought everybody must be looking at me. For a long time she seemed quite unconscious of the havoc she was working in my heart. At last she happened to catch me casting glances at her every now and then.

To my horror and dismay, she made a jest of the whole affair, and told all the other girls of the good joke, and the boys chaffed me

till my life was rendered miserable. What was I to do? At first I resolved to swallow cold poison, and die in frightful agony before her door, murmuring with my last faint breath, "Cruel, cruel Sophonisba!" On second thought, however, I made up my mind to pine slowly away from want of food, so that my pallid cheeks and haggard aspect might haunt her to her dying day.

Accordingly, next day I took no breakfast, and went about cold and famished till dinner-time, when I became so ravenous that I sat down and took the biggest dinner I had ever eaten in all my life, and made up my mind to think no more of the faithless one. I soon recovered my spirits and began to look for some other fair one who would more readily reciprocate my affections.

Ere long I became acquainted with Mademoiselle Marie Crapeau, the daughter of a French teacher who had settled in town. She used to assist me with my French lessons, and one day I fell madly in love with her. I made an awful mess of my translations that day. I read:

La fille—I feel I love you.

Ma chère—I'm the masher for you.

Ma mère—Be my Marie,

and could have gone on for hours, had her father not put in an appearance. Next day she was going for a walk, and I asked leave to accompany her. As we went along a quiet road, I sighed deeply two or three times.

"I sinks you are not vell?" said Mademoiselle Marie.

I sighed again, and placed my hand on that part of my stomach where I thought my heart should be.

"Tell to me," said she, "vere ees your pains?"

"It's here, in my heart," I said.

"Vot ees eet like?"

"Oh!" I said, "I can't describe it. Toothache's nothing to it, neither is measles, nor consumption, nor smallpox, nor, nor anything else. My heart's whummeling about like an empty barrel, and it's all for love of you."

"Ah, you ees von flatterer. I have heard of your vays. You sinks I am so simple, but you do not mean eet even von leetle bit."

"Ah, but I do," I said. "I would die for your sake."

"But you have been and dyed alretty."

"How? why? where? when? what do you mean?" I said, bewildered.

"Your hair, eet vos red; eet ees black. You have dyed alretty," and she ran away laughing, while I was plunged into the inky waters of despair.

I made up my mind that I would love no more. But the Fates were too strong for me. Soon after this I fell a victim to the charms of an American girl, who was on a visit to some friends in the neighborhood. She was *such* a smart girl that I was almost afraid of her. Talk of catching a weasel asleep! Why, you couldn't catch her even winking. Before the ordinary girl would be trusted out alone, this young lady had "done" France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and India; had inspected the insides of the Pyramids; had crossed black, white, red and yellow seas; had been chased by wolves, had been at a tiger hunt, had been shipwrecked on a desert island, and would have been eaten by cannibals if there had been any in the locality. She knew everything, and had seen everything in the wide, wide world. She spent a lot of her time seated in the open air, reading, and I scraped an acquaintance with her, and after a time eloquently pleaded my lamentable case.

"Young man," she said, "if you mean business, go on."

"Business," said I, "is the passionate desire of my innermost soul."

"Well, then," says she, "love in a cottage is romantic, and I like romance when it isn't all froth. Soufflés are nice, but I guess you'd be tired eating before you made a square meal off them. Now, to come to the point, supposing we were to set up house-keeping, what's your income?"

"I've only three shillings and sixpence a week," I said, turning rather red; "but I've some books, and a pair of skates, and a fishing-rod I could sell; and I've got good prospects, and a rich uncle that might die; and I love you like anything, and we'd have real jolly times. Will you be mine, dearest one?"

"It's business I'm after," said that practical young lady — in such

a chilling way that the atmosphere at once fell thirty-five degrees below zero—"and it strikes me that, instead of being your dearest one, that at that rate I would be the cheapest one I ever heard tell of. Why, with three shillings and sixpence a week we would be rolling in poverty. A kiss and a cup of cold water would make rather too poor a breakfast for me. Young man, it won't do. Try some other girl. Ta, ta!"

At last I found one who could appreciate me — my affinity. She *was* a gusher. She was fond of poetry, she doted on romance, she fairly revelled in sentimentality. The first time I saw her I felt my heart thump, thump, thumping away at my ribs as if it were trying to break out of a cage, and then it leaped to my mouth and right out, and I lost it. I forgot all about other girls, and felt there was but one girl in all the world worth loving, and this was the one. I would have done anything for that girl. If she had asked me to swallow Vesuvius, or get her a chunk off the North Pole, it would have had to be done. If she had asked me to lay the great Koh-i-noor at her feet, or to make her Empress of India, I should have set about it instantly, though I should have had to wade my way through incarnadine seas of gore. Her loveliness was beyond all description! She had eyes which melted my very soul within me; she had lips redder than the rose, sweeter than honey from the honeycomb. Her cheeks were like peach blossom, her hair like a cataract of gold; her arms were like alabaster. The touch of her fingers sent a thrill through my whole frame like an electric shock dipped in sugar; her feet made holy the ground she walked upon.

I sighed a sigh of such a size that the room seemed to shake, and the ceiling was raised a foot and a half before it subsided.

She sighed a little sigh which seemed like a morning zephyr passing over a bed of roses.

We both sighed, and then all was silence.

"Ah!" I said to myself, "this is indeed sweet sadness."

Then I gazed fondly at her, and she gave me a look that seemed to lift me right off my feet, and made my head swim. I saw I had made an impression, and that I must do and dare, and that at once.

I had a geranium in my buttonhole, and I presented it to her, and said :

“Are you fond of flowers ? ”

“I could literally live on them for ever. And you, Adolphus ? ”

“If they were cauliflowers I could live on them, but even then, I'd like a bit of beef once in a while.”

“Ah ! You are trying to make fun of my sentimentality.”

“No ! ” I cried, “I am in awful, solid earnest ; I love you tondly, dearly, madly, frantically. Tell me, oh, tell me ! may I venture to hope ? ”

“Do you love me so much ? ”

“Much ? yes, more than tongue can tell ! Yea, even although a thousand scribes with a thousand golden pens wrote for a thousand long years, they could not tell the thousandth part of my passionate love ! ”

“My own, my dearest Adolphus, I am thine ! ”

Then the sun shone out as brightly as if his face had got an extra polish. The few clouds which had dimmed the blue azure of the summer sky scudded off as if they were heartily ashamed of themselves. The birds sang overhead as they had never sung before, till the whole air was full of music. The flowers lavished forth their balmiest fragrance, and displayed their robes of richest hue. The little daisies peered inquisitively up. The cornstalks nodded their heads as if to say they knew all about it. The trees seemed to twine their arms affectionately, and draw closer to each other. The very wind murmured a faint benediction. (Oh, it was bliss indeed ! It was worth living through the expectant ages of eternity to enjoy such a moment as that. All nature seemed to rejoice with us, and breathe forth love, joy, and peace. It seemed to me that there was no more sorrow, or sin, or suffering left in any corner of the wide, wide world, but that it had been all sunk to the very bottom of the sea, and the cork put in.

How long we sat I do not know. Time was of no account. It may have been days, it may have been hours. It matters not ! At last I turned to her and said :

“Is oo happy, 'ittle ootsey-wootsey ? ”

"Oh, so happy! Is topsy-nopsy happy too?"

"Oh, so happy!"

"What would topsy-nopsy do if there was no ootsey-wootsey in the wide, wide world?"

I was about to assure her that existence would be but a Sahara without her, when a gruff voice from behind the bushes growled out:

"Snopsy-wopsy would be courting some other girl, that's what!"

It was her big brother; Seraphina fled one way and I the other, and I haven't seen her since. That was a month ago. When will the next fair charmer come? Ah me!

THE CORPSE'S HUSBAND.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MISTRESS AND A MAID.

BRIDGET: I'd like to go away the day ma-am [*looking toward the right as if the lady were standing near, and dropping a courtesy*]; the work is all done ma-am, and there's nothing to do, ma-am, an' its a funeral if you plaze, ma-am.

LADY: [*Turning toward left*] I'm very sorry to hear it Bridget. I hope it is not the funeral of a friend or relative.

BRIDGET: No frind or rilative, ma-am, but only a frind *av* a frind, an' I'll be back at tin o'clock, the morrow, plaze God.

LADY: You can go, Bridget, of course, but don't make any mistake about coming back.

BRIDGET: Don't ye give yersilf anny unasiness aboot that, ma-am, don't ye give yersilf anny throuble aboot that, ma-am. It is not Bridget O'Harra, that ud sarve ye the mane thrick not to come back whin ye give her the devarsion of goin' to a funeral, manny thanks to ye. Don't ye give yersilf anny unasiness aboot that, I'll be back betimes, I will.

[*Three o'clock on the following day, and Bridget just returned.*]

LADY: Why, Bridget, what has happened to detain you so?

BRIDGET: [*Exploding, in what seems to be a flood of rage, but is assumed as an excuse for what she is to say*] An' is it because I did

not come back at tin o'clock that ye spake to me in that way? I'll give ye warnin' and lave at once, as I said I wud.

LADY: Why, Bridget what is the matter? I don't know what I have said to put you in such a temper. I thought you liked the place.

BRIDGET: [*Quite subdued, tone changed entirely, picking at her clothing and showing embarrassment in various ways*] Well, I do like the place, and I like you, ma-am. It was the last thing I thought of yisterday morn to lave yer imploy, but its all along of the funeral, ma-am [*embarrassment increases*], its all along of the funeral.

LADY: Well, I'm sure you need not be afraid to tell me about it.

BRIDGET: [*Reassured, and speaking rapidly*] O, ma-am, I do think it be the worst thing for a man to be loosin' his wife; an' the way that one did go on, a cryin' and a groanin', a cryin' and a groanin', it wud just go to your heart to hear it. Why, ma-am, I never heerd anny think like it, except from me brother Tim [*crying*], whin the pigs ate the baby.

As I said before, he was just a cryin' and a groanin', an' what could I do but go to him? as anny woman wid a hart in her bussum would have done; ye wud most like have done it yersilf, ma-am. What *could* I do but go to him, and jist go to strokin' 'im down [*make a movement of stroking the shoulders of an imaginary person in the chair before you*], and strokin' 'im, an' he all the whoile a cryin' and a takin' on; what cud I do but comfort him by sayin', "Take it azy, take it azy [*in a very compassionate tone*], there's more days in the sky and there's more gerls in the world, take it azy, take it azy." An' this mornin' he said I wus the liveliest gerl at the funeral [*laughing immoderately, almost doubling up in the effort*], an' [*clapping her hands and dancing in the wildest glee*] we're goin' to be married, ma-am, we're goin' to be married, the corpse's husband and me, ma-am, the corpse's husband and me.

THE BURGOMASTER'S DEATH.

ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY OF "THE BELLS," FOR RECITATION, BY PROF. THOS. F. WILFORD, A. M.

[*Scene—Room in the Burgomaster's house. Table and chair R. Candle lighted on table. Chair L. Couch at back. Enter L, Mathias. Cautiously locks door and puts key into pocket.*]

AT last I am alone! Everything goes well. Christian, the gendarme, is to-night made my son-in-law; my darling child, Annette, is now firmly settled for life, and so vanishes all fear from me. To-night I shall sleep without a terror haunting me. Ah! what a power it is to know how to guide your destiny in life. You must hold good cards in your hands! good cards! as I have done, and if you play them well you may defy ill-fortune.

[*Revellers heard singing outside.*]

[*Taking off coat.*] Ha! ha! ha! those jolly toppers have got all they want. What holes in the snow they will make before they reach their homes! Drink! drink! Is it not strange? To drink and drown every remorse. [*Pouring out water.*] But does it drown remorse? Does it drown the memory of that night fifteen years ago? [*Raises glass to lips.*] What is the date? [*Puts down glass—very much affected.*] God! 'tis the same—this night exactly. And just such a night. O, Mathias! Mathias! if your friends who respect you only knew the secret that has been at your heart for years. If your wife and child knew what raised them from poverty to affluence was crime—was mur— Sh! walls have ears. How cold I am! [*Drinks.*] Yet I could not help it. Why did the Jew come to my inn when the clouds of poverty hung most heavily over our house? Why did he come with that belt full of gold to tempt me? I could not see my loved ones turned out on the roadside the next day in the bitter winter cold. No one who is human could— [*Starts up—listens with terror.*] Bells! bells! [*Runs to window—looks out.*] No one on the road. [*Comes forward.*] What is this jangling in my ears? What is to-night? Ah! it is to-night—the very hour. [*Clock strikes ten.*] I feel a darkness coming over me. [*Lights down.*] A sensation of giddi-

ness seizes me. [*Staggers to chair.*] Shall I call for help? No, no, Mathias. Have courage! The Jew is dead. How lucky I decided to sleep by myself to-night. Pshaw! it is only in fancy that I hear the sound of the Jew's sleigh-bells — it is only fancy. I am safe. The people about here are such idiots they suspect nothing. I am nervous to-night. It was that Parisian fellow — the mesmerist — at the fair to-day who is the cause of it all. When he wanted to send me to sleep as well as the others, I said to myself, "Stop, stop, Mathias — this sending you to sleep may be an invention of the devil; you might relate certain incidents in your past life! You must be cleverer than that, Mathias; you musn't run your neck into a halter; you must be cleverer than that." [*Starting up and crossing L.*] You will die an old man yet, Mathias, and the most respected in the province — [*takes snuff*] — only this, since you dream and are apt to talk in your dreams, for the future you sleep alone in this room, the door locked, and the key safe in your pocket. [*Goes to table — unlocks drawer — takes out girdle.*] That girdle did us a good turn; without it — without it, we were ruined. If Catherine only knew — poor, poor Catherine. [*Sobs, and head falls forward on his arms on table. Bells heard. Mathias starts up — goes up to window.*] The bells! The bells again! they must come from the mill. [*Looks out.*] No; the wheel is stopped and the mill is in darkness. [*Bells cease.*] The bells stop. It must be fancy — it must be fancy. How that night comes back to me. We were just seated at a game of cards down stairs, when, as the old clock struck ten, the sound of horse-bells was heard; a sledge stopped before the door, and almost immediately afterward the Polish Jew entered. He was a well-made, vigorous man, between forty and fifty years of age. I fancy even now I can see him entering the door with his green cloak and his fur cap, his large black beard and his great boots covered with hare-skin. He was a seed merchant. He says as he comes in, "Peace be with you!" I ask him, "What can I do for you?" But the Jew, without replying, first opens his cloak and then unbuckles a girdle which he wore around his waist. This he throws upon the table, and I hear the ringing sound of gold — gold. Then he says, "The snow is deep,

the road difficult ; put my horse in the stable. In one hour I shall continue my journey." After that he drinks his wine without speaking to any one, and sits like a man depressed and anxious about his affairs. At eleven o'clock the night watchman comes in. Every one then goes to his home, and the Jew and I are left alone. [*Comes forward.*] The next morning they find the Jew's horse dead under the old bridge, and a hundred yards further on, his green cloak and fur cap — stained — with — blood. [*Looks around.*] But as to what became of the Jew himself has never to this day been discovered. [*Laughs grimly.*] Fools ! [*pours out wine*] — they never suspected I had anything to do with his disappearance. [*Drinks and rises.*] The room is growing cold and my eyes are getting heavy. [*Lies on couch at back.*] I'll lie here awhile. Ha ! ha ! Mathias, have no fear ; you have played your game well. Sleep in peace, then ! You have triumphed, and conscience is at rest — at — rest. [*Sleeps.*]

[*Chorus of revellers heard more faintly.*]

[*Mathias begins to move restlessly in his sleep.*]

[*Sleeping.*] I say no. A man cannot be condemned upon such supposition. You must have proofs. I do not hear the sound of bells. [*Bells.*] It is the blood rushing to my brain — this jangling in my ears. Christian, I have made you my son ; I have made you rich ; come and defend me. My honor is your honor. Come to me, Christian. [*Pause.*] Take away the mesmerist — his eyes burn into my soul. He shall not put me to sleep — he shall not. [*Pause. Mathias sits up on couch ; his eyes open with the vacant stare of one in sleep. He rises to his feet — comes forward and speaks in a low, hollow voice.*] You command me to tell the story of my crime. So be it. It is the night of the 24th of December, 1818 — the hour, half-past eleven. The people are leaving the inn ; Catherine and little Annette have gone to rest. One man Kaspar comes in. He tells me the lime-kiln is lighted. I answer him, "It is well ; go to bed ; I will see to the kiln." He leaves me. I am alone with the Jew, who is warming himself by the stove. Without all is rest. No sound is heard, except from time to time the Jew's horse under the shed, when he shakes his bells. [*Stops as if thinking.*] I must

have money. If I have not three thousand francs by the 31st the inn will be taken from me. There is no one stirring; it is night; there are two feet of snow upon the ground, and the Jew will follow the high road alone. [*After a short silence.*] But he is strong. He would defend himself well, should any one attack him. [*In a low voice.*] He looks at me. He has gray eyes. [*As if speaking to himself.*] I must strike the blow! [*Decidedly.*] Yes, yes; I will strike the blow! I will risk it! [*A pause.*] I must, however, look around. The night is dark; it still snows; no one would trace my footsteps in the snow. [*Raises his hand as if feeling for something.*] Let me see if he carries any pistols in the sledge. No, no; there is nothing—nothing at all. I can risk it. [*He listens.*] All is silent in the village! Little Annette is crying; a goat bleats in the stable; the Jew is walking in his room! He comes back; he places five francs upon the table; I return him his money; he fixes his eyes steadily upon me! He speaks to me! He asks me how far it is to Mutzig. “Four leagues.” I wish him well upon his journey! He answers, “God bless you!” He goes out—he is gone. [*Mathias, with body bent, takes several steps forward as if following and watching his victim—he extends his hands.*] The axe! where is the axe? Ah! here, behind the door! How cold it is! [*He trembles.*] The snow falls—not a star! Courage, Mathias, you shall possess the girdle—courage! I follow him. I have crossed the fields! [*Points.*] Here is the old bridge, and there below the frozen rivulet! How the dogs howl at Damel’s farm! how they howl! And old Finck’s forge, how brightly it glows upon the hillock. [*Low, as if speaking to himself.*] Kill a man! kill a man! You will not do that, Mathias—you will not do that! Heaven forbids it. [*Proceeding to walk with measured steps and bent body.*] You are a fool! Listen; you will be rich. Your wife and child will no longer want for anything! The Jew came; so much the worse—so much the worse. He ought not to have come! You will pay all you owe; you will be no more in debt. [*Loud, in a broken tone.*] It must be, Mathias, that you kill him! [*He listens.*] No one is on the road—no one! [*With an expression of terror.*] What dreadful silence! [*He wipes his fore-*


head with his hand.] One o'clock strikes, and the moon shines! Ah! the Jew has already passed! Thank God! thank God! [*He kneels—a pause—he listens—the bells heard off.*] No! The bells! The bells! He comes! Be careful, Mathias. Don't dabble your sleeves in his blood! Roll them up tight! Remember the girdle! the girdle! [*He bends down in a watching attitude, and remains still—a pause—in a low voice.*] You will be rich—you will be rich—you will be rich! [*Bells increase in sound—Mathias as if watching—suddenly he springs forward, and with a species of savage roar strikes a terrible blow with his right hand.*] Ah, ha! I have you now, Jew! [*He strikes again, then leans forward and gazes anxiously on the ground—he extends his hand as if to touch something, but draws it back in horror.*] He does not move. I have done it. [*He raises himself—utters a deep sigh of relief and looks around.*] The horse has fled with the sledge. [*Kneeling down.*] He is dead—all is over! [*Looks around.*] Another noise! Nothing again—only the wind whistling through the trees. Quick, quick, let me get the girdle at once—the girdle at once. Ha! I have it. [*Performs action, while speaking, of taking the girdle from the Jew's body and fastening it around his own.*] I am panting for breath! I can scarcely buckle it around my waist. Nothing but gold in it! Nothing but gold! Nothing but gold! Quick, Mathias, be quick! Carry him away! Carry him away! [*He bends low down and appears to lift the body upon his back; he then walks across stage, his body bent, his steps slow as a man's who carries a heavy burden.*] I shall take him to the lime-kiln. [*Walking L.*] I am there. [*He appears to throw down the body.*] How heavy he was! O, what hands are here! Dabbled with his blood! I'll have no more of that. [*Looks around.*] Where's the shovel? [*Bends down to take it up.*] I'll push him in with that. [*In a hoarse voice.*] Go into the fire, Jew—go into the fire! [*Appears to push the body in with his whole force—shades his face with his hand.*] Be careful, or the fire will scorch you! Look, look, look! he is burning, he is burning, burning, burning, burning. The corpse turns on the fire. The face is turned upward. [*He suddenly utters a cry of horror, and staggers away R, his face covered with his hands.*] Ah! those eyes—those eyes! How they glare at me—glare at me!

THE DREAM OF SISTER AGNES.

This is a very beautiful poem and makes a good Christmas study.

IN the snowy moonlit midnight
Faint and far the chimes are ringing ;
In the cloister's gray old chapel
Clear and sweet the nuns are singing ;
In the shimmer of the candles,
High above the altar, stands,
White and sad, the Christ outstretching
On the cross His patient hands,
And the pale Sister Agnes
Watches, with weary eyes,
Between her face and His image,
The rolling incense rise ;
And she hears her own soul sobbing
As the music swells and sighs :

Begin in descriptive manner, though somewhat slow and grave; emphasize "snowy, moonlit, midnight," and pause after each word. "Faint" should be given with sustained voice and less force; "far" as if to send the voice some distance; "chimes" takes a decided falling inflection. Seem to be listening while filling the time given to the rhetorical pause which follows the emphatic word; then bring out "are ringing" very distinctly, though not with pronounced emphasis. Give falling slide on "cloister's;" "gray" and "old," being explanatory, are given with slightly lowered pitch; "chapel" receives the emphasis given by the compound stress. "Clear and sweet" is given with monotone, with slight final stress on the last word. Emphasize "nuns;" pause and then give, as if you hear them, "are singing." Change the melody as you begin the fourth line; quicken the time a little and give a slight, tremulous movement on "shimmer." A gesture of direction should be given on "high above the altar stands," and is retained during the two following lines. With "white and sad" there may be a slight movement of the hand to left and then to right, as the words are spoken pityingly. It is almost impossible to describe the religious feeling which should be thrown into these three lines — feel it, if possible, as simulation at best loses the expression of reality, and

may usually be detected. At "the Christ outstretching" there will be a slight raising of the shoulders, an almost imperceptible moving of the hand to the right on "outstretching," and returning to place on "Christ." Try and make your audience have a picture of "pale sister Agnes;" but to do this you must first have the picture in your own mind. Give a gentle waving of the extended hand, something as if outlining from tips of the fingers a long and narrow letter O lying upon its side thus  as you speak the words "rolling incense." Give a slightly sobbing sound on the pronunciation of the word "sobbing." A gentle expansion of voice should be given to "swells," and pathos shown on "sighs," which is spoken with sustained voice.

"The stones are cold in the chancel,
Cold as the cruel snow;
The moon is cold in Heaven,
And the frozen earth below
Lies dead on the breast of midnight,
Frozen to death, I know!
Even the yellow candles
Look cold, like those icy stars
That all night long are watching
Beyond my window bars;
The writhing incense shivers
Like an outcast soul in pain —
The cold has crept into my bosom
And wound about my brain.

You could not read this stanza feelingly without a perceptible shiver through the lines, which culminates on the last two lines. There must be appropriate gestures of place; indicate and locate the stones in the chancel; the cruel snow is without the edifice and must be so shown; the moon is high in the heavens; the earth is spread out at your feet. "Frozen to death" is made very emphatic.

"And that is why I am dreaming;
I have forgotten the prayer,
And the faces around me waver
Far off in the misty air.

There stands the blazing altar,
But it is not that I see—
Only the twinkling tapers
In the boughs of a Christmas tree.
There hang the wreaths of holly,
And the white-starred mistletoe,
And the shadows dart and flicker
In the great fire's ruddy glow—
It kindles even the midnight,
And warms the breast of the snow !

She explains or apologizes for herself in the first line ; in the second she is troubled about her forgetfulness ; in the third and fourth lines she seems to be looking far off in the misty air. Her consciousness tells her that the blazing altar is before her, and yet she sees only the twinkling tapers in a Christmas tree. She imagines that she sees the "wreaths of holly" and the "white-starred mistletoe," and that the great fire lights up the midnight and warms the snow.

"I am dreaming—only dreaming—
Hark ! what do the voices say ?
The waifs sing under my window,
Out in the dawning gray—
Singing of Bethlehem's stable,
And the Child who was born to-day !
Or is it the nuns who are chanting,
Chanting sweet and slow,
A rhyme of forgotten childhood,
Lost so long ago ?

In her confusion she fancies she must be "dreaming—only dreaming." A listening attitude is taken as "Hark" is spoken, and continued on "what do the voices say." "Bethlehem's stable" and "Child" are words of value and must have due emphasis. She is confused again upon the seventh line ; in the last two lines she tries to recall something which is all but lost to memory.

“ Under the holly branches,
In the yule-log’s flame and flare,
Under the Christmas tapers
Shine the old faces fair!
Round me the warmth comes creeping
Of arms, that clasped and clung
Stronger than arms of a mother,
When love and dreams were young!
So warm — so strong !— they held me
Till Death breathed cold between,
And I think I died, with the dreaming,
And all that might have been.

Back she goes in fancy to her childhood’s home — long before she had given up all for the church. The story of her life is rather indicated than told ; she seems to have suffered the loss of earthly affection by the death of one she loved, and she says, “ Death breathed cold between, and I think I died.” How hopelessly are the last two words uttered !

“ Now it is cold forever,
And the world lies white and dead.
With the snow for a shroud wrapped round her,
And the stars lit at her head.
Are they stars, or the Christmas candles,
That shine in the icy air ?
The Christ from His cross has vanished
And a little Child stands there—
Stretching His hand to lead me
Out of the cold — ah ! where ? ”

Her face lights up with joy as she utters the words of the second and third lines from the close of the stanza :

“ And a little Child stands there
Stretching His hand to lead me.”

“ Out of the cold ” is given shiveringly. “ Ah ! where ? ” Though the question “ where ” is asked, it is not because the future is blank or dark to her. There is joy in her release from earth, and faith that all will be well beyond. We can imagine

that to her eyes fading to things of sense a beatific vision may have opened. The right hand in normo-vital attitude will be stretched upward to the right, the position of the head will be mento-vital, the expression of the eyes mento-vital.

Clearly through the frosty silence
 In the tower the chimes are ringing ;
 In the gray old chapel's choir
 Loud and sweet the nuns are singing ;
 Only one is kneeling dumbly—
 In her wide and weary eyes,
 On her lips, like marble carven,
 Death's unfathomed wonder lies—
 For the mystic Guide hath led her,
 Smiling, into Paradise.

Bring out "loud and sweet" with good expression. "Only one is kneeling dumbly—," a gesture may be given on "one" in the direction where in imagination you have placed the kneeling nun. Give almost a perfect monotone on "Death's unfathomed wonder lies." The last line of the stanza confirms the directions given for reading the closing portion of the preceding stanza.

Out of the gates of sunrise
 The herald dawn breaks sweet ;
 Over the hills and valleys
 Day comes with shining feet ;
 Over the heaving ocean
 And the plains of ice and snow,
 And over the Holy City
 Where Christ walked long ago ;
 Over the eyes unseeing
 Wakens the Christmas morn—
 Unto the dead and living
 Stretches the Hand forgiving—
 And the Child is born !

Close by reading this last stanza brightly, joyously yet religiously, as if Christmas morning were in every sense the herald of peace on earth and good will to men.

FISHING.

 ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MAYBE this is fun, sitting in the sun,
 With a book and parasol, as my angler wishes,
 While he dips his line in the ocean brine,
 Under the delusion that his bait will catch the fishes.

'Tis romantic—yes! but I must confess
 Thoughts of shady rooms at home somehow seem more inviting.
 But I dare not move. “Quiet, there, my love,”
 Says my angler, “for I think a monstrous fish is biting.”

Oh, of course, it's bliss—still how hot it is!
 And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder every minute,
 While my fisher waits, trying various baits,
 But the basket at his side, I see, has nothing in it.

It is just the way to pass a July day—
 Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming;
 But how fierce the sunlight falls, and the way that insect crawls
 Along my neck and down my back is really quite alarming.

“Any luck?” I gently ask of the angler at his task.
 “There's something pulling at the line,” he says; “I've almost
 caught it;”
 But when, with a blistered face, we our homeward steps retrace,
 We take the little basket just as empty as we brought it.

There is a wonderful, witching charm about this little poem. It is very sprightly in manner throughout, and is full of nice points which must be brought out delicately, but clearly. It affords not only a fine study, but is an admirable recitation. It is really easier to give a “blood and thunder” piece which may have a general expression of noise, than a selection of this kind.

“This is fun, maybe” expresses the idea of the first line in plain prose. In the text the words are transposed, but this does not change the emphasis. “Fun” should be given with a rising wave

of a fifth, and "maybe," which is the word that changes the simple statement to one of doubt, and is thereby used in contrast, with a corresponding falling wave. In the last line of the first stanza there is very marked compound stress on "delusion." "That his bait will catch the fishes" is given with a very innocent expression of face and voice, but is ended and followed with light laughter. "'Tis romantic" is said with mock seriousness and much emphasis, accompanied by a long sigh and followed with a little shake of the head. "Yes" is spoken solemnly and accompanied by a nod of acquiescence. "Confess" is emphasized by a rising wave, and "shady, rooms, home" with falling. There should be an upward slide of a fifth on "inviting." "I dare not move" is given in monotone, with slightly aspirate coloring. "Quiet, there," a very gentle but decided command, is given with radical stress and prone hand extended. "Monstrous" is given with median stress to represent great size. The angler speaks low and cautiously, however, so as not to frighten his prey. "Oh, of course, it's bliss" is given rapturously, but it is followed by a sigh on "still," and a woeful tone on "how hot it is," with marked final stress and aspirated tone on "hot." There is a slight indication of complaint as the further discomfort of the narrator is described by the line "And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder every minute." There is a little craning of the neck as if looking over into the basket as she says, "But the basket at his side, I see." There is a rhetorical pause after "has" filled with a negative shake of the head and continued as she says "nothing in it." There is a delicate irony in the line "It is just the way to pass a July day." "Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming" is given with general drift of median stress. Quicken the time and give energy to the words "But how fierce the sunlight falls," and intensify much more "and the way that insect crawls along my back and down my neck." Pause slightly after "neck" and emphasize "alarming." "Any luck?" is asked with compound stress on "luck." Pause after "something," quicken the time on "pulling at the line," while intense hopefulness is expressed on "I've almost caught it." Emphasize "blistered face" and "steps retrace." Give in simple descriptive way "We take the little basket," pause while the listeners wonder whether it is full or otherwise, and add "just as empty," with rising slide on "just" and "as," and distinctly falling on "empty" and "brought." There will be a roguish tone and look as the last few words are spoken, and the rhythm of word, tone and movement is completed by giving a downward stroke with the index finger of the right hand on "empty" and "brought."

MRS. MAGOOGIN ON SPRING BONNETS AND SPRING POETRY.

JOHN J. JENKINS.

The following is a very clever bit of dialect. To give it well, use compound stress, which is a peculiarity of the Irish brogue, and pronounce the words as they are spelled.

“DO ye loike spring poethry, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” the widow began.

“I nuver read it, Mrs. Magoogin,” the neighbor replied.

“Naither do Oi,” said the widow. “But me daughter, Toozy, goes into uxtashies over id, an’ bechuxt hersel’ an’ her husband Hinnery they all a-mosht droives me crazy wud their shlobberin’ an’ their nonsinse.”

“What’s id all about, annyhow?”

“About nawthin’ at all,” the widow replied. “Nawthin’ but blyue berds singin’ in the lane, an’ flyowers in blyoom, an’ silver shtrains, an’ stars on the moonloight, an’ all that soort av rubbish that they puts in bukes wud green covers an thim, an’ goold an th’ inds av th’ laives. To tell ye the trooth, Mrs. McGlaggerty, the shtuff makes me sick, an’ as Oi tells Toozy an’ Hinnery, the gom-machs that wroites that nonsinse ought to be pit in the loonyatico asoylum, fwere they’ll not be let wroite anny more av it. ‘But mimdaw,’ Toozy’ll say to me, ‘that’s poethry, spring poethry, mimdaw!’ ‘Mebbe it is,’ sez Oi; ‘that makes it no betther an’ no worse. Oi’d suner have a gud plate av corn beef an’ cabbage anny day in the wake,’ sez Oi, ‘than a wagon load av it.’ ‘Oh, mim-daw!’ sez she, ‘Yis, an’ oh, mimdaw,’ sez Oi. ‘Ye don’t mane that,’ sez she. ‘May the devil busht me aff Oi don’t,’ sez Oi. ‘Oh, Moother Magoogin!’ sez Hinnery. ‘An’ oh, Soon-in-law Hinnery,’ sez Oi. ‘Ye can’t be so Moondane in yer sperrit,’ sez he. ‘Can’t Oi?’ sez Oi; ‘Oi’ll be Moondane an’ Chuesdane an’ Winsdane, too, aff Oi loike,’ sez Oi, ‘fur bad scan to th’ dthrop av aijiot’s blud cooises in Berdie Magoogin’s veins,’ sez Oi; ‘an’ lish’en, Hinnery Dinkelshpale, aff ye undhertake to laive yer hair grow long

an' make a wurthliss, gud-fur-nawthin' hairy owld poit av yersel', inshtud av shtickin' to th' tobacky facht'ry, ye'd betther pack yer duds an' say gud-bye to this shanty,' sez Oi. That shut himsel' an' Toozy up an th' poethry bezniss, an' the nuxt thing Oi knowed they war havin' a pitched battle about a spring bonnet. Toozy wanted wan thrimmed in yally an' red, wud a sky-tarrier's eye shtickin' out av a roseet in front, an' Hinnery sed he kudn't affoord it. Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'm glad that Oi'm not a s'coiety belle, me frind, to be afther havin' to get a noo bonnet uv'ry toime the sun luks crukked at th' airth. This owld shkoy shcraper's gud enoof fur anny saison, an' it nuvur goes out av fashion. Noo spring bonnets, indade! Fwhoy, it id kape wan poor aiven lukin' at them! Oi don't know fwhether Toozy bawt Hinnery to toime or not, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but there's wan thing Oi kin tell ye, an' it's not two, an' that is that Toozy'll get the noo bonnet aff there's wan to be had, hoigh or low, ur there'll be a divorsht bechuxt the Dinkelshpales an' the Magoogins. Do ye moind that, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

JULIET.

LOUIS F. AUSTIN.

AND so the new Juliet charms you — her beauty has set you ablaze?

And were you a critic (God save us!) what columns and columns of praise!

But now you complain of the scribblers, whose spite is the curse of the press,

Because they seem eagerly banning what you are so eager to bless;
Or else they are nicely adjusting proportions of merit and blame,
While you want to take a great trumpet, and fill all the world with her fame.

And this is her picture? Well, truly, heaven favors so winning a face;

Her tresses, you say, are like sunbeams, her figure a vision of grace;

Her eyes are as wells in the desert to travelers faint and forlorn,
And love on her lips has been playing since sighs in her bosom
were born.

Yet never for me is the glamor that makes your pulse hurriedly
beat —

Though planets re-echoed her praises, and the world were a slave
at her feet,

I never could look on your Juliet — your homage could never be
mine,

For there lives a dead face in my memory that holds all my soul in
its shrine.

The years have slipped by — nearly twenty — since I saw in the
spring of success

My Juliet, happy and peerless, whose whisper was like a caress;
Her hair took its hue from the woodlands, when their auburn was
glinted with gold;

Her eyes stole the dew from the violets, as they slept in the moss
on the wold;

And even the veriest dullard, on whom fell that rapturous glance,
Has felt all his spirit transfigured by love and the glow of romance.

“ Ah, Romeo, envied of mortals, leave idle lamenting and sighs!
Away from this cruel Verona you should bear so precious a prize!”
How often like this have I murmured, as night after night in my
stall

I watched that sad story unfolding — from the kiss in the Capulet’s
hall

To the last and terrible meeting, when they, who bright paths
should have trod,

In death and the grave were united, and together ascended to God.

One night I shall ever remember, as captives remember their chains,
A strange and subtle foreboding ran icily cold through my veins,
When Juliet, drinking the potion in a frenzy of longing and dread,
Imagines her solitude peopled with horrible shapes of the dead;

And day after day was I haunted as if by the coming of woe —
I dreamed of her stretched in a charnel, arrayed for some terrible
show ;
But still to the world not a shadow had darkened that splendid
career —
My Juliet, happy and peerless, what evil to her could be near ?

'Twas Paris, one morning in spring-time, and over the street's human
stream

Her radiant face for a moment had passed like a silvery gleam ;
I thought of the gloomy foreboding that once through my blood
sent its chill,

And smiled at the strange superstition that fancied such horrible ill ;
And all the day long in the sunlight I mixed with the carnival throng,
I laughed at the gambols of children, I listened to music and
song . . .

What is that ? A hush — then a murmur — some gossip is tickling
the town —

The last escapade of a beauty, a scandal that kills some renown !
But, no ; it is something that saddens this thoughtless, mercurial
mob ;

Men's eyes with teardrops are glistening — the women beginning
to sob.

What is it ? “ Ah, monsieur, what pity ! To perish so young and
alone,

And lie in the Morgue like an outcast, to all human kindred un-
known ! ”

Who is it ? “ The great English actress—” I paused not a breath
for the name,

For horror's fell hand seemed to choke me, and my brain was filled
with a flame !

In the Morgue ! My God, it was true, then ! The fate of my
vision had come !

The dew had gone back to the violets — that voice so caressing was
dumb !

And only the light of the woodlands still clung to that delicate head,

Like rays of the bounteous sunshine that play on the vaults of the dead.

The Morgue ! How I reached it I know not, but I broke through the curious crowd,

Who shrank from me, pallid and startled, as if from a ghost in a shroud !

And I found her, so fair and so dainty, surrounded by horrible clay—
The ghastly account of self-slaughter, the victim of feud and affray ;
And here was the clutch of the river, and there was the hideous stab !
Ah, tragedies never were written like those on that sorrowful slab !

But oh, for the spirit so tender that never again would illumine
The form that lay solemn and silent, forever bereft of its bloom !
Midst aliens mortally stricken, just heaven, 'twas cruel to die —
No friend her last look to remember, to catch her last shuddering sigh !

And now it was only a stranger who mourned o'er that still lovely face,

And kissed the cold hand of sweet Juliet, as he knelt in that heart-chilling place !

The years have gone by — nearly twenty — and yet all the grief of that scene,

As though it were yesterday's anguish, still lives in my memory green.

ETHAN ALLEN. (Abridged and Adapted.)

PROF. GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND, L. H. D.

This poem is full of the fire of patriotism ; and, while it is always a capital recitation, it is peculiarly suitable to be given upon any day of national interest and commemoration. After the battle of Lexington the British troops, nicknamed "red-coats," were reinforced, and the federals found their munitions of war insufficient to keep back the invading host. The provisional Assembly of Connecticut then devised the plan of seizing Fort Ticonderoga, which was held by the British and was known to be well stored with arms. Eighteen gallant men

started out; they were reinforced along the way until when they arrived at Bennington the number had reached forty. Here Ethan Allen joined them, and with him came one hundred Green Mountain Boys, as the sons of Vermont were called, and fifty men from Massachusetts. Allen was unanimously elected leader. At Cambridge and afterward at Ticonderoga, Arnold claimed the right to command, but his orders were not heeded. When opposite Ticonderoga the force was divided and detachments were sent in different directions to capture all boats which could be found, while Allen and eighty-three men under cover of darkness crossed Lake Champlain and moved toward the fort.

Just as the day dawned the leader thus addressed his men: "We must quit our pretensions to valor, or possess this fortress; it is a desperate attempt, and I do not urge it contrary to will; you who will undertake, voluntarily, poise your firelocks." At the word every gun was poised, and when the command was given the American soldiers rushed into the fort and raised an Indian war-whoop. The British commander, De la Place, had not yet risen from his bed when Allen thundered at his door: "Deliver the fort to me instantly." "By what authority," asked the officer. "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress," was the answer. The door was opened; and when Allen and his men were seen advancing with drawn swords, no more words were wasted. The prisoners of war were marched off to Hartford, and the American army was enriched by one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, fifty swivels, two ten-inch mortars, ten tons of musket ball, three cart-loads of flint, one hundred stand of small arms and ten casks of powder. To become thoroughly interested in this poem, so as to give it with all the power required, it would be well to read the accounts given by Lossing and Bancroft.

In order to bring the poem to the length of an ordinary recitation, it is very much abridged. The last stanza is added by the author of this book.

THE bell that rang at Lexington
 Had called our men to arms;
 And but their wives and children, now,
 Remain'd to work the farms.

Begin the recitation with full voice, especially clear and ringing on "bell," which is made emphatic and followed by a pause. Drop the pitch slightly at the explanatory and parenthetic clause "that rang at Lexington;" dwell for an instant on *ng* in "rang," after which pause and then give final stress (<) to "Lexington." Give staccato force to first two and last two words of the second line, principal emphasis on "men" and lesser on "arms." Lower the voice very much for the next two lines, and speak with slow time and tone somewhat colored with pathos; pause after "but, remained," lower the voice on "now," and make "wives, children, work, farms," emphatic.

Fill'd full of red-coats, Boston seem'd,
 They said, a wounded prey;
 And now drank in fresh draughts of blood
 From fleets that fill'd the bay.

Start in with second stanza strongly emphasizing "red-coats." Give downward slide on "Boston" and upward on "seemed;" the parenthetic phrase "they said" is read with lower voice and quicker time. Give an upward wave of a fifth with a slight tremulous stress on "wounded," and let the voice drop on "prey" which is made emphatic. By properly grouping the words in the third and fourth lines and separating by pauses, we have "and now drank in fresh draughts of blood from fleets that filled the bay." "Draughts" is made quite emphatic.

To check their march, our earth-works still
 Like mushrooms grew by night;
 But, if attack'd, our men would not
 Have arms with which to fight.

The third stanza is introduced by a parenthetic phrase with emphasis on "check" and "march." "Earth works," which is the subject of the sentence, is made emphatic and followed by a pause, while "mushrooms," which describes the rapidity with which the earth-works were thrown up, is given with much greater emphasis, it being the rising wave of a fifth. Emphasis is given to "attack'd," with rising slide on "our" and falling on "men," rising on "would not have" and falling on "arms," with rhetorical pauses after "arms" and "which."

At Hartford our Assembly was,
 And heard this; nor in vain
 But started men for arms that stock'd
 The fort on Lake Champlain.

"Our Assembly was at Hartford," is the plain prose of the first line; and "Assembly" and "Hartford" are emphasized. The rising inflection is given to "heard" and the falling to "this;" "vain" is decidedly emphatic. As there was not a moment to be lost, quick time is given to the third line, "But started men for arms;" emphasize "arms" and "fort." Read "Lake Champlain" as if the words were spoken in answer to the question, "where was the fort?"

These passed to Pittsfield, there were joined
 By Easton, Brown, and more;
 Then on to Bennington, and there
 Could muster full two score.

"Pittsfield, Easton, Brown, more, Bennington" are emphatic, the great force being given to "Pittsfield" and "Bennington." "Could muster full—," make pause as if the listener would wait breathlessly for the number, and then add with clear voice, "two score."

The sun that dawn'd before them here,
And brought them help indeed,
Was Ethan Allen's sword, that flash'd
His mountain troops to lead.

What was "the sun that dawned before them and brought them help?" It "was Ethan Allen's sword." What word answers to the place of where this took place? "Here." What kind of help? "Help indeed," meaning valuable help. What did Ethan Allen's sword do? It "flashed." For what purpose? To lead his troops. What troops? "His mountain troops." If the above stanza is given as if all these questions had been asked and answered, the correct rendering will be given. "Ethan Allen's sword" is the principal word of value; "flashed" should be given quickly, with final stress.

And thick as rills that rift in spring,
Each bond the sun destroys,
Came pouring over all those hills—
His grand Green Mountain Boys.

Who came over the hills? The "Green Mountain Boys." What was the character of these "Boys?" They were "grand." Dwell upon this word as if you admire and honor the men to whom it is applied. How did they come? "Pouring over (the) hills." Give the first two lines of this stanza with quick time, and bring out the last line as if paying noble tribute to every son of Vermont.

Ere long, a shout went ringing out,
For all had made their choice,
And all had chosen Allen chief;
And "Forward!" called his voice.

"Ere long" is parenthetical; give "shout" explosively, with bell-like tone on "ringing out." The words of value in second line are "all" and "choice;" in the third "all" and "Allen." Pause after "Allen;" while there is a rest of the voice, the mind supplies the thought which fills the ellipsis, thus, "Allen (for the) chief." The office is accepted, and his first word in the military command,

"Forward!" is given with a tone which in itself denotes the leader's power.

Three days they tramped, then Allen said:

"We near the lake, I see;

Let some go north and some go south,

And some straight on with me."

This opens in simple descriptive style. "Then Allen said" is parenthetic; resume the tone on "We near the lake." "I see" is also parenthetic. Emphasize "some north," "some south," giving upward inflection to "north" and downward to "south" as the words are in contrast. In the last line emphasize "some," pause after, and read "straight on" with strong force; pause after "on" and quicken time on "with me."

A few there were could cross at last;

Alas, but all too few!

Night sped, and Allen, by the fort,

Could count scarce eighty-two.

Read the first line as if regretting that the number were not more, and take tone of unmistakable sadness on "Alas!" which is given tremulously with falling slide; "but all too few" presents a very discouraging idea, and should be given pathetically. The rising inflection is given to "night," and falling to "sped." "Allen could count eighty two" is the sentence. Read the number as if it represented but a handful of men. Show by the tone that you regret there were no more.

You will be glad that the hero of Ticonderoga is equal to the emergency, as we learn in the following:

"My men," he muttered, "look, the dawn!

Before can cross the lake

One boat again, for other men,

The day in full will break.

The faint streak of day gilds the eastern horizon. Allen stretches out his arm and with his hand describes the outline, as with a quick, explosive utterance he cries "look, the dawn!" Give quick time on second and third lines, and emphasize "day" and "full" in fourth line.

“Yet note the wall. You know it well
 Ten times our force, if seen,
 Though clad in mail, could never scale
 Those cannon thick between.

He points now to the fort and says, “Yet note the wall.” The remainder of the line is spoken rapidly. “Ten times” is very emphatic; “our” is given with inverted wave, and “force” with direct wave; “if seen,” though parenthetical, is given much value. “Ten times our force (even) though clad in mail,—” this last word is made very emphatic, as is also “could never scale,” with especial force given by the inverted wave on “never” and direct on “scale.” In the last line “cannon” is emphatic. The word “thick” is spoken as if the balls were so near each other that it would be almost impossible to get between them.

“Now quick, but quiet; start with steel;
 Nor fire till sure to hit.
 First through the gate, if through we may,
 If not, then over it.

All depends upon stealing on the enemy while they are asleep, and if this is done no time can be lost. He looks into the eager faces of his men and gives the command, “Now quick, but quiet.” They are to go with sword in hand, and are commanded not to “fire till sure to hit.” Emphasize “quick, quiet, start, steel, fire, sure, hit.” In third line, emphasize “through the gate.” “If through we may” is given lower; pause after “if not,” and make “over” emphatic.

“I lead, you follow. Should I fall,
 Move on; my corpse may give
 At least a vantage ground! Move on!
 The cause, it is, must live!”

“I lead, you follow;” all words are emphatic, rising inflection on “lead,” falling on “follow,” with gesture indicating the direction to be taken. “Should I fall,—” there is no time for sighing over such a possibility, and he does not dwell upon the idea. With heroic courage he cries, “Move on.” Give this as with an unflinching resolution at whatever cost to gain the day. You may stand upon my dead body if need be. Make second “Move on” much more emphatic than the first. With all the patriotism you can summon, say, “The *cause*, it is, must live.”

Swift, one by one, by Allen led,
 They plung'd along the gloom ;
 No fear of those who, just beyond,
 Might make the place their tomb.

Very quick time should be given the first line, with staccato on "one by one." The movement made by the men is indicated by the word "plunged," which is emphatic. In third line "fear" should have a slide of a fifth, and gesture should be made on "just beyond." Group the words and separate by pauses, "Might make | the place | their tomb."

At last, uploomed in dusky light,
 And choking all the way,
 A man who poised his bayonet
 To hold them all at bay.

As they enter the fort they are stopped by a sentinel.

"Take heed !" he called. "We take it, man,"
 Hiss'd Allen, where he sped ;
 Whose clashing sword had glanced the gun,
 And gash'd the soldier's head.

"Take heed" the sentinel calls with bayonet pointed at the intruders. "*We take it, man*" was the answer. Make this very emphatic; paint the word "hiss'd" slightly; "where he sped" is given in quick time. We learn in the last two lines that Allen's sword had parried the gun and "gashed the soldier's head;" *s/z* in "gashed" should be given with force, as it colors the word; emphasize "soldier's head."

"Have mercy !" groan'd the wounded wretch.
 Said Allen : "Drop your gun.
 Hist, hist my men ! we're in the fort,
 Now seize the barracks—run !"

The wounded sentinel in pleading tone and attitude cries "Have mercy," and for answer hears the order from Allen, "Drop your gun." This order must not be given loudly, but its dreadful distinctness

should leave no doubt of the necessity of obeying it. They are now in the fort and greater secrecy must be observed. "Hist! hist my men" is given in distinct whisper, as is the whole of the last line. Make a movement of caution with the hand extended prone and waved slightly upon "hist, hist," and a vigorous passage of the arm and hand on "run."

No need to bid them! In a trice
Our boys have crown'd their race,
And closed, with shouts like thousands round, -
The soldiers' sleeping place.

At the command the men rush in. No need of silence now. The Indian war-whoop given with a will by eighty men seemed to the red-coats, so suddenly waked from sleep, to come from a thousand lusty throats.

Meantime, "The captain!" Allen cried;
And scarce the word had said,
Ere on a door he pounded loud
To rouse his foe from bed.

"The Captain" is spoken with very quick and emphatic tone. "Allen cried" is parenthetical. "And scarce the word had said" is given with quick time and in a monotone. Emphasize "door, pounded, loud, rouse, foe, bed."

"Surrender!" order'd Allen then;
"If not, by Him on high,
Your garrison — without a hope
For quarter from us—die!"

"Surrender" is given in loud, commanding tone and is followed by a threat—, "If not, by Him on high, your garrison (shall) die." These last two words are made very emphatic. Make long pause before "die" and the intensity is increased.

The Captain's anger now had burst
The spell of night's repose.
"Surrender?" hiss'd he—then turn'd pale
To hear those shouts that rose.

“Surrender?” should be given very emphatically with compound stress. The surprised captain starts in bravely enough, but turns pale as he hears the shouts of the invaders.

“And who are you?” he stammer’d out,
 “And whose is this ado?
 And whose the name in which you come,
 And bid us yield to you?”

He weakens in spirit but goes on as bravely as he can. Emphasize “who, you, whose, ado, whose, name, which, come, bid, yield, you.”

“The name of great Jehovah, man,”
 Said Allen, drawing nigh,
 “And the Continental Congress!” while
 Defiance fired his eye.

The answer of the hero of Ticonderoga is known to every American, and there is not a man who is not proud of it. The expression of figure and the tone of voice is commanding in the highest degree. Give force to “name” and pause after it. Make “great Jehovah” very emphatic. “Said Allen, drawing nigh,” is explanatory and parenthetical, and is low and quick. Now ring out “CONTINENTAL CONGRESS,” as if gathering all the nations of the world in one and speaking for them all. Give final stress on “defiance” and staccato movement on “fired his eye.”

The day was won; the garrison
 Filed out across the green,
 More general welcome when they came
 I think was seldom seen.

“The day was won.” It is a simple statement, but should be given as if the information was of great value. Now you see the poor, crest fallen garrison as they “filed out across the green.” “Welcome” is emphatic. The last two lines are given with a merry twinkle of the eye, and a general expression of satisfaction over the victory.

Ten score of cannon, mounds of flint,
 And tons of guns and balls —
 We waited weeks to find the means
 To cart them out the walls.

Make much of the munitions of war which were captured, by giving full emphasis to "ten score of cannon, mounds of flint." Speak of "mounds" as if they were many and of great size. The last two lines should be given laughingly, emphasizing "weeks, cart, walls."

Go search those mountain woods
And valleys, humbly trod
By souls whose simple faith holds on
To country, home, and God.

The words of value are "search, woods, valleys, humbly, trod, souls, faith, country, home, God."

Ask whom they love, whom they revere,
And all with one acclaim
Will swell the chorus long and loud
Of Ethan Allen's name.

Words of value —, "whom, love, whom, revere, all, acclaim, swell, chorus, long, loud." As "Ethan Allen's name" is spoken, there should be a movement of the arm in spiral gesture, as if you were giving a cheer and with a will. If you end in this exultant manner you will have your audience in such full sympathy, that you will doubtless be greeted with well-deserved applause.

EASTER IN A HOSPITAL BED.

NYM CRINKLE.

Imagine the scene. Feel for the sufferer. When you read the sketch, try to make your audience see and feel.

The beat of the village church bell in A minor brought magical pictures to the memory of "No. 106," and she passed through the gates of death dreaming that she breathed the odor of lilacs.

* * *

"NUMBER 106" must have been a beautiful woman once. You could see sad traces of loveliness in her wrecked face, lying there only a trifle less blanched than the pillow, and framed in by brown hair that reached out upon the linen like running vines

The shadows under her big brown eyes were ominous, but the curve of her splendid mouth had not been destroyed by the lines of pain. She looked up wearily as the doctor passed her, and with just the faintest interest in the matter said, in a weak and slightly husky voice that must once have been a rich contralto :

“What day is this?”

The doctor turned as he went by and replied :

“Sunday. Easter Sunday!”

“One hundred and six” opened her eyes a little at the reply. Her conception of time had been confused by six weeks on that bed. The only events that had come to her were in the shape of nurses and doctors. She had a vague sense that just beyond that window, which this morning was pulled down to let in the soft spring air, there was a big, flowing river. The rest was uncertain.

Easter Sunday made her wonder. The two words somehow connected themselves with the soft air that came in at the window. “Easter Sunday” she repeated several times inaudibly, as if trying to put her emotions into some kind of intelligible form.

The inner necromancy of association began to work its mystic spell. It was so still there in the “hopeless ward” that every outer sound came in clearly defined on that pulse of spring air. And then her senses were strangely sharpened. Something whipped her back over the years and held her close against the blossomy long-ago, gently and firmly. She heard the voices on the river; how dewy and mellow they sounded; but they seemed to come across the old meadow. She heard the flutter and chirp of the sparrows round the casement, but they were the swallows round that little garret window of hers, where the honeysuckle hung thick and the yellow jackets buzzed and droned, and where she so often sat and dreamed the dream of love and hope.

All the actual details of the cold, inevitable present melted into the sunshiny past. A barrel-organ somewhere in the neighborhood was piping “Annie Laurie.” The cadences came in little elfin echoes, strangely inwrought with a sad, far-away perfume. She dropped her eyelids half way, and pillowed herself on the reverie. She could hear Molly calling her from the little parlor downstairs;

the mystic sounds of the barrel-organ got to be the tones of the old melodeon that stood in the parlor, and Molly's voice accompanied it as she practiced the Easter anthem.

"Are you coming, Jen? we shall be late."

How inexpressibly familiar and dear the sister's words were now. Just then the clang of a church bell mingled with the spring sounds. It was a clear A minor, with a little tremolo in it.

With her white face turned toward the window and the light, impassively, her soul was traveling over the country roads. Marvellous how she saw every rock and tree that was associated with an emotion! She got over the stile and Seth Purdy's stone fence, and caught her dress in the old spike that had been used to mend the steps—just as she must have done before at some time. And Molly laughed at her distress. She ran down the juniper lane in Squire Burchard's timber, because her heart was too full to walk. She saw the same hermit thrush in her pathway. She smelt the balm of Gilead again. She noticed the flushed little rivers in the meadow, brimming with the melted snows; she went up the rise to the little church with her heart singing. Once more she was sitting in the choir. Once more the kindly faces were round her. There was the open window, and she could look down upon the old graveyard tangled with blackberry vines. How calm and restful it all seemed. The April sun was lying upon it once more, and the sap was stirring, and the lilacs budding and the bees astir. Under it all and over it all a girl's innocence and health, and the glorious sunshine of promises and possibilities. Love in the service and in the long walk home. Somebody handsome, gentle and hopeful, trembling at her touch, and the brooks singing madrigals for them, and the hemlocks waving triumphant plumes for them, and the little community smiling on them.

Still the beat of that bell in A minor. It was like a crystal of sound—so clear and so full of magical pictures. She was standing at the altar in that little church. Jack had hold of her hand, and she felt his tremble. She could hear Molly's voice in the choral hymn ring out above all the rest as they walked down the aisle—married.

All the dark years that came afterward in the torrent of time seemed now to settle out of sight in this still pool of retrospection. Her consciousness was pulsing in A minor. Something of the regenerative power of the spring penetrated her heart. There had been a mistake somewhere. She would not have the ghost of reality—the only real thing was that jubilant present into which she had lapsed, with its glad bell summoning her.

“I must get well,” she murmured. “The earth is astir. It’s wicked to be lying here. Do you hear that bell? It is the voice of the spring calling me. I was born in April. I was married in April. I’m coming, Molly. Put the flowers on the mantel; they’re Jack’s flowers. Dear Jack, I knew you’d come back when I heard the bell. Oh, Jack, I’m so tired of lying here. If you only knew how I ache and how these people look at me you’d come and take me away. Don’t you remember how you carried me over the Saw-mill river on the stones? Dear Jack, I’ve remembered every word you said to me. You thought I didn’t, but I did. Don’t you know what you said when we got back from the church? ‘My darling, I’ve got you now, and if love is strength I’m going to keep you for all eternity.’ Can’t you turn me over so I can see your face?”

The young doctor who was standing at the bedside laid his book down and put his arm under her. It wasn’t done very tenderly.

She made a weak clutch at him. “Oh, Jack, you hurt me. I’m awfully sore. Don’t look at me that way. I’ll pick up. It’s only my sickness. I feel better to-day. Do you hear that bell?—hark! You’ll have to hurry, Jack. We’ll be late, and Molly’s so particular. You’ll be patient with me, won’t you? My head falls over on my breast.

“Molly,” she went on, in a husky whisper, and with that confusion of identities that is a characteristic of the suspension of volition—“Molly, Jen’s all right, poor thing. She ought to have her hair dressed, though. It’s a shame to have her lying there in that condition. You know Jack’s coming, and—don’t you hear the bell?—listen! We must get her up.” Then a moment later, and almost inaudibly—“It’s the lilacs, Jack. I’m going to take them to the church. You shall carry them. What a strange odor they have

this year—it almost—it takes one's breath away—but—I am happy.” :

Ten minutes later some one lifted her head and looked at her ; then he let it fall back on the pillow. Friendless, helpless and alone, she had gone through the gates of death.

As this poor, worn body was moved from the narrow bed the bells were pouring their Easter clamor through the window. It was the same A minor. In it the promise of resurrection, but also something of the threnody of life.

THE PRESS EVANGEL.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Mr. O'Reilly writes from a full mind, and is not forced to substitute sound for sense. We have no need to ask why his poem was written, and are not forced to question whether it means anything. Expiring flames and soft wax lights have made latter-day poetry pitiful and petty. We are glad to see occasionally one poet who is troubled by a plethora rather than a dearth of thought. The typical latter-day versifier is not plagued by thick-crowding fancies.

GOD'S order, "Light" when all was void and dark,
 Brought mornless noon, a flame without a spark.
 A gift unearned, that none may hold or hide,
 An outer glory, not an inner guide ;
 But flamed no star in heaven to light the soul
 And lead the wayward thought toward Freedom's goal.

O wasted ages ! Whither have you led
 The breeding masses for their daily bread ?
 Engendered serfs, across a world of gloom,
 The wavelike generations reach the tomb.
 Masters and lords, they feared a lord's decree,
 Nor freedom knew nor truth to make them free.

But hark ! A sound has reached the servile herd !
 Strong brows are raised to catch the passing word ;

From mouth to mouth, a common whisper flies;
 A wildfire message burns on lips and eyes;
 Far off and near the kindred tidings throng—
 How hopes come true, how heroes challenge wrong;
 How men have rights above all law's decrees;
 How weak ones rise and sweep the thrones like seas!
 Behold! The people listen—question! Then
 The inner light has come—the boors are men!

What read ye here—a dreamer's idle rule?
 A swelling pedant's lesson for a school?
 Nay, here no dreaming, no delusive charts;
 But common interests for common hearts;
 A Truth, a Principle—beneath the sun
 One vibrant throb—men's rights and wrongs are one;
 One heart's small keyboard touches all the notes;
 One weak one's cry distends the million throats;
 Nor race nor nation bounds the human kind—
 White, yellow, black—one conscience and one mind!

How spread the doctrine? See the teachers fly—
 The printed messages across the sky
 From land to land as never birds could wing;
 With songs of promise birds could never sing;
 With mighty meanings clearing here and there;
 With nation's greetings kings could never share;
 With new communions whispering near and far;
 With gathering armies bent on peace, not war;
 With kindly judges reading righteous laws;
 With strength and cheer for every struggling cause.

Roll on, O cylinders of light, and teach
 The helpless myriads, tongue can never reach.
 Make men, not masses; pulp and mud unite—
 The single grain of sand reflects the light.
 True freedom makes the individual free;
 And common law for all makes LIBERTY!

A VERY BAD CASE.

F. H. STAUFFER.

Recitation for a very little girl who should have a doll in hand. There is an expression of mock sadness, which is kept up until the last line is given.

WHAT is it ails my dollie dear ?

Somebody asks her the question, which she repeats in a doleful tone. Give compound stress on "ails."

I'm not quite sure I know.

Shakes her head slowly and sadly. Upward inflection on "sure" and "I," and falling on "know."

She's very sick [*emphasis on "very"*],
[*Weeping*] and if she dies
'Twill be a fearful blow.

She's got "ammonia" in her lungs,
"Plumbago" in her back,
A "tepid" liver, and a cough
That keeps her on the rack."

Give final stress on "ammonia, lungs, plumbago, back, liver, cough."

She's got an "ulster" in her throat,
And "bunions" on her hand ;
Her skull is pressing on her brain—
'Twill have to be "japann'd."

Give final stress on "ulster, throat, bunions, hand, skull, brain, japann'd."

I think [*sighing*] I'll send for Doctor Jones,
And Doctors Price and Bell ;
'They'll hold a "consolation" then,
And maybe [*nodding*] she'll get well.

Rising slide of a fifth on "consolation," yet very pathetic. Last line read in a sprightly way, with smiling face.

CHARLIE.

FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

THERE were four lads of us an' a lattle lass. I war yoongest c' 'em and Charlie—Charlie was t' oldest. They warn't rich folk, feyther and moother, but decent an' doin' their best by us yoong uns. Soomtimes i' t' soomer holidays we got leave to go oot i' feyther's skiff. We war all boorn sailors—a' t' lads be along thot coost. One brougth day, I remember it weel, t' sea blue and clear loike a precious stone, t' sun shone, t' breeze war loight, an' moother kissed us four lads good-by. I war aboot six year old. Frank war nine, the lass bidin' at whoam coom atween us two. Thin Jamie war just eleven an' Charlie war oopards o' twelve. A slender lad he war, wi' fair hair, as moother made him wear longish in his neck. His eyes war big, gray eyes, sad and deep loike, an' t' mouth of—weel, lattle seester's was no prattier. But Charlie war a strong chap, too; breave an' weel-grown. Moother kissed him last.

“Good-by my lattle captain,” said she, “moind that Ned cooms to no harm.” Then she gives me a cake an' ar buries it in my pocket—for later eatin'.

“Doantee fear, moother,” says Charlie, “Ned gets no harm wi' me. Coom along, babby.”

I war six year old an' deadn't loike bein' called babby, but t' moother laughed a' standin' in the doorway as we got intir t' boat. Charlie stood oop aft as we sailed away an' waved his hat to her, whoile she shaded her eyes to see him the betther. Lattle lad as I were I knowed moother's eyes war red as she turned back intir t' hoose, though I knew, too, that she war smilin'. I think a moother's smile over her yoong children have a'ways a tear in hidin'.

“Lads,” says Charlie, “lets go to t' cliffs for eggs.”

“Ey, ey,” says Frank and Jamie, “but Ned must bide below—he be too lattle to climb.”

I war put oot at this, an' said I could climb as well as anybody, and I would roon off to sea in a mun-o-war and climb out on big spars if I warn't let oop at birds' nest on t' cliffs. Charlie sat doon and took my lattle chubby hand in his long, slender fingers.

"Ned," says he, "lets measure. Noo, when tha fingers grows as long as mine thee shall go birds'-nestin' o' cliffs."

Then bein' takken oop with measurin' an' starin' at my sma' brown knuckles, I forgot about t' disappointment — Charlie had sike'a way o' comfortin' us yoong uns.

At last we lay off t' cliffs and Frank cries out: "Yon be two old gools sittin' abooove that ledge."

"I can get oop there," says Jamie, pullin' off his jacket.

"Noa," cries Charlie, "roon t' boat ashore an' we'll go oop together."

So we landed, and Charlie sat me doon on a big white stone, brokken from t' cliffs above; and says he, to keep me quiet and amused loike, says he: "Ned, doantee forget t' cake."

I moind how greedy I war and how I kept feelin' t' cake i' my pocket whoile watchin' t' lads goin' oop t' face o' t' rocks, nimble as cats. Charlie war ahead, but he stopped short at an ugly shelf hangin' over varry sharp; then they all cam' oop wi' him. They talked awhoile an' tried to raise oop an' peep over t' top, but it war too mooch for t' yoonger lads. At last Charlie motioned wi' one free hond for 'em to bide still, and he lifted himself clear oop onto t' shelf. But, t' nest war still higher, on a second shelf, an' t' face o' chalk atween t' two slanted ootward and overhangin'. I war sike a babby an' so used to have t' lads climbin' that I thout it foine to see Charlie's hair blowin' loose, away oop on those hoights. I mind well t' pink cheek an' t' fair hair, and two old gools screechin' an' flyin' off t' ooper ledge, as Charlie, huggin' close to cliff, lifted himself reet oop to t' nest on t' higher shelf. He shouted soommat and I knew he had t' eggs, for t' other lads began movin' doon. In a minute Charlie swung off that ooper ledge, but farther oot than when he climbed oop. He bent his head atween his arms to see where his feet would strike, and t' other lads shouted, carelessly, "Coom on, coom on," but — Charlie's body hung loike a plummet an' measured t' few inches by which t' ooper ledge at that spot overlooked t' lower. There war no brace for his feet, his fingers had slipped too near the edge to secure a grasp that might raise him oop to t' shelf he had left. He hung sheer, and Charlie's drop would be straight doon t,

face o' t' cliff. I couldn't understand t' whole danger, but moinded Charlie's face war color o' t' chalk cliffs. He spoke to t' others lads; then they turned like cliffs, too, and I could make oot their faces as they cam' scramblin' doon reckless an' quick.

"Hold on, Charlie; hold on, dear Charlie," they cried, and hoorried to t' boat.

"Ned," says Jamie, "bide quiet. Doantee scare Charlie. In two minutes we'll mak you fisherman. Coom an' let a rope doon from abooove. Bide still," then "hold on Charlie," they shouted an' put off to some men who hoorried ashore to scale t' cliff where it war lower, carryin' ropes and poles wi' em.

"Hold on Charlie," I cried, echoin' t' elder lads, I can hear noo t' sound of my own sma' voice. He nodded bravely back to me, and I sat watchin' t' hair blow over his white face an' seein' hoo his lithe yoong body swayed and trembled over t' dreadful hoight. T' old gools coom swoopin' and screechin' back to nest, and just then a great pity for Charlie sprang oop i' my heart. I didn't know he hung there for loife and death, yet I had a feelin' he war i' trouble too, and wanted to do soommat to help or comfort him. I moinded moother's cake i' my pocket, and in my silly, babby fashion thout that would do him good and give him patience till men could let doon a rope from above. I started oop t' cliff, never thinkin' that even bigger lads couldn't safely pass t' lower ledge, but thinkin' only of Charlie, and, in a mooddled way, that I war fit to be a sailor on a mun-o-war and a six-year-old chap as could climb anywhere.

Charlie sees me coomin' as he looks down atween his two honds, and shakes his head at me.

"Hold on, Charlie," I says to him, "I be goin' to give thee my cake."

"Noa, noa," cries Charlie. I could hear his voice weel noo.

"Es, es, dear Charlie," says I, "thee shall have it, and its sweet an' reet good, for moother made it."

"Doantee come, thee'll be killed, Ned."

"I could climb a mun-o-war," I answered back, just then cuttin' open one o' my hands and feelin' prood o' not cryin' aboot that.

"Ned," says Charlie, faintly, but wi' soommat wild yet fearful

airnest i' his tone, "lattle Ned, doantee try t' ledge, thee'll be killed, an' I proomised moother as no harin ——"

I war under t' ledge, an' already had my honds on a projectin' bit.

"Ned, Ned," cries Charlie, "I proomised moother to bring thee safe whoam."

Still I tried t' lift oop my honds, an' war just goin' to let my feet swing loose, laughin', too, at thout o' givin' sike a good cake to poor Charlie.

His white, yoong face war turned doon upo' me; his lips pressed toight; his eyes wide-strained and pitiful; his body shiverin' and swayin'.

"I proomised moother," he said; then shut his eyes, unclinchd his honds fro' t' rock aboove an' Charlie went —— sheer doon t' face o' t' cliff!

T' fisher folk saw from aboove what had happened. They picked me oop, a lattle heap at foot o' cliff, but quite unhurt. Then they laid Charlie's beautiful yoong body straight in t' boat. Frank and Jamie held their faces covered; t' fishermen trembled as they neared our door and shrunk awa' from moother's eyes.

I war t' only one as could tell her hoo it happened. "I war takkin' him my cake, moother," said I, "I could ha' coom oop for him for a mun-o-war can climb anywhere, but Charlie cried oot, 'I promised moother,' an' let himself drop."

I can feel noo t' grasp and clasp moother give me. I can feel her soft hair against my cheek; her head buried in my neck as she wept oot: "Oh, my poor lattle lad, thee doant know, thee doant know."

Jamie began wi': "Charlie died to save ——"

"Doantee!" cries moother, wi' a great sob. I could feel t' spasm of pain that wrang her heart; feel hoo it shook her whole frame. "Doantee tell him, doant." She never told me, God bless her. Growin' older I cam' to understand t' truth and one toime asked moother if twere as I thout.

She gave me t' same clasp as on that day when Charlie's face lay so white an' so beautiful before us, an' cried out wi' tears: "My poor, lattle lad, thee deadent know."

It's long ago sin', long ago; but t' sorrow owt will bide forever.

OWL IN CHURCH.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

FRONTING us all,
In a niche in the wall,
As if proud of his lofty station,
Like a monk in a cowl
Sat a little gray owl,
Looking down on the congregation.
Hymns and chants as they rose
Failed to stir his repose,
A grave mien to the holy place suiting;
Merely looking surprise
With his solemn, round eyes,
He heard them all through without hooting.
His feathers he shook,
And a questioning look
On this wise he cast at the people :
“ You’re high church, ’tis true,
But I’m higher than you,
For my screeching I do in the steeple.
“ If by dropping in here
Once a week ye appear
Thus cleansed from all outward pollution,
How clean I must be
Living always, you see,
In the top of this pure institution ! ”
He glanced through the pews
As if trying to choose
A few from the many anointed,
With charity freed
From ritual creed ;
I thought that he looked disappointed.
Quoth the wise little owl
In his modest gray cowl,

“What grand dressing!” and then, slyly winking,
“’T would be more orthodox
To put more in the box
And less in the pews, I am thinking.”

Judging men from aloft,
As the righteous do oft,
And women—oh, owl have compassion!
For the sees of our church
Would be left in the lurch
If its aisles were forsaken by fashion.

Of our creed justly proud,
We respond very loud,
By holy zeal gravely excited,
And yet look innocent,
As if “us sinners” meant
Not ourselves, but some race more benighted.

Let paid choirs screech,
Let the dear clergy preach,
Don’t hoot at them up in the steeple;
It’s too high a perch
To tell “tales out of church,”
And might frighten away outside people.

Beware how you chat
To the hawk and the bat;
Church gossip returned with due culture
Gives much more to boot;
You won’t know your own hoot,
And may find yourself changed to a vulture.

It is not orthodox
To peep into our box
And take notes underneath your gray cowl
Of who gives and who don’t,
And we hope that you won’t,
Or we’ll call you a meddlesome owl.

THE RED BIRD.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

The author is the son of Paul Hayne, and this exquisite poem gives promise that he is destined to follow in the steps of his illustrious father.

I WATCH his wings in thickets dim,
For sunset seems to follow him —

Sunset from some mysterious West,
Whose crimson glory girds his breast.

A wingéd ruby wrought of flame,
Whence comes his beauty ? whence his name ?

Clear as a bright awakening beam
Through the vague vista of a dream,

An answer comes. I seem to feel
The flash of armor, glint of steel ;

The whirl of arrows quick and keen,
The battle-axe's baleful sheen ;

The long, relentless spear, whose thrust
Makes the mad foeman writhe in dust ;

The din of conflict and the stress
Of war's incarnate angriness.

A wavering mass — a panic wrought
Swift as some stormy burst of thought,

Then distance hides a vanquished host,
And sound becomes a wandering ghost.

But soon I see, half poised in air,
And stricken by a nameless fear,

A small, brown-breasted bird, whose eyes
Are clouded with a deep surprise,

The earliest bird with terror rife
At a wild waste of human life.

How soon his dread to wonder turns
As downward, where a life-stream burns,

He darts and dips his quivering wings,
While o'er his heart the crimson clings.

With tender eyes and pitying face
He flutters softly o'er the place,

And when at last his wings are spread
A lurid lustre crowns his head,

And his bright body soars afar,
Red as autumnal sunsets are.

I WONDER WHAT MAUD WILL SAY?

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

DEAR Harry, I will not dissemble,
A candid confession is best;
My fate — but alas, how I tremble!
My fate I must put to the test.
This morning I gathered in sadness
A strand from my locks, slightly gray;
To delay any longer were madness
I wonder what Maud will say?

The deed, it was well to do quickly,
Macbeth makes a kindred remark;
I wonder if Mac felt as sickly
When he carved the old king in the dark?
The fellows who marry all do it,
But what is the usual way?
Heigho! don't I wish I were through it:
I wonder what Maud will say?

Would you give her a pug or a pony,
A picture or only a book ;
A novel — say Bulwer's "Zanoni,"
Or a poem, "Lucille," "Lalla Rookh ;"
Bonbons from Maillard's, or a necklace
Of pearls, or a mammoth bouquet ?
By Jove ! I am perfectly reckless —
I wonder what Maud will say ?

Shall I speak of the palace at Como
Which captured the heart of Pauline ?
There's a likeness of Claude in a chromo ;
Would you buy it and practice the scene ?
But no ! I'm no Booth, nor an Irving,
My fancy has led me astray,
To a lover so true and deserving —
I wonder what Maud will say ?

Could I warble like Signor Gallassi,
In passionate song I would soar —
I recall she applauded him, as he
Serenaded the fair Leonore ;
My strain would resound love-compelling,
Far sweeter than Orpheus' lay ;
Already my bosom is swelling —
I wonder what Maud will say ?

Shall I tell her my love very gravely,
Or propose in a moment of mirth,
Or lead to the subject suavely,
And mention how much I am worth ?
Old fellow, I know I shall blunder
When she blossoms as bright as the day,
My wits will be dazzled ; Oh, thunder !
I wonder what Maud will say ?

WOMEN OF THE WAR.

ANNIE THOMAS.

Written for and read before the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, at the commemoration of Women of the War, May 30, 1887, New York city.

ALL praise, all honor to the valiant men
Who, casting fortune by, and risking life,
Left home and loved ones—all that life holds dear,
To fight for country or for country die.

Speak of their valor oft in thankful words,
Sing loud and clear their praise, in notes of love ;
Cover their graves with bays and flowers to-day.
Of them, too much cannot be said or sung.

And to the living, wounded heroes—all,
Who gave the best of life—the dearest gift ;
Who, maimed, are destined now through time to go—
Our country's best and choicest gifts be given.

Others there are who bore no minor part
In the dread conflict of our civil strife ;
Who bravely, with tongue and pen, aye, and with sword,
Defended right as only woman may.

Who in the hospital with gentle hand
Bound up the bleeding wound—cooled the parched lip ;
With aching brow, night after night kept watch,
Tenderly nursing the dying back to life.

Or those, who, patient, toiled alone at home,
Bearing the double burden on them thrown ;
Struggling, and oft, midst hunger, cold and grief,
To rear the little ones that to them clung.

The noble, patient mothers, sisters, wives,
Who, with brave hearts and loving, hopeful words,

Hiding their sorrow, denying even tears,
Cheered on the weary, homesick patriots.

The dear old grandmother, whose trembling hands
Knitted away for *them*—*her* soldiers *all*—
Until the poor eyes, dim with age and tears,
Grown blinded quite—the stitch no longer found.

The tender, loving younger ones—sweethearts—
For love of whom and praise from whom full oft,
The soldier nerved his heart and marched away
To combat, suffering, privation, *death*.

To these we also render thanks to-day;
Of these—brave ones—our heartfelt songs are sung.
The memory of these to-day refreshed with tears;
These, also, wreath we with immortal flowers.

GENERAL GRANT'S ENGLISH.

MARK TWAIN.

This speech was delivered at the annual reunion of the Army and Navy Club of Connecticut, on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1887. It makes an excellent declamation.

I WILL detain you with only just a few words—just a few thousand words—and then give place to a better man, if he has been created. Lately a great and honored author, Matthew Arnold, has been finding fault with Gen. Grant's English. That would be fair enough, may be, if the examples of imperfect English averaged more instances to the page in Gen. Grant's book than they do in Mr. Arnold's criticism upon the book; but they don't. It would be fair enough, may be, if such instances were commoner in Gen. Grant's book than they are in the works of the average standard author; but they aren't. In truth, Gen. Grant's derelictions in the matter of grammar and construction are not more frequent than are such derelictions in the works of a majority of the

professional authors of our time and all previous times — authors as exclusively and painstakingly trained to the literary trade as was Gen. Grant to the trade of war.

This is not a random statement; it is a fact, and easily demonstrable. I have at home a book called "Modern English Literature, its Blemishes and Defects," by Henry H. Breen, F. S. A., a countryman of Mr. Arnold. In it I find examples of bad grammar and slovenly English from the pens of Sydney Smith, Sheridan, Hallam, Whateley, Carlyle, both Disraelis, Allison, Junius, Blair, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Milton, Gibbon, Southey, Bulwer, Cobbett, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Trench, Lamb, Landor, Smollett, Walpole, Walker (of the dictionary), Christopher North, Kirke White, Mrs. Sigourney, Benjamin Franklin, Walter Scott and Mr. Lindley Murray, who made the grammar.

In Mr. Arnold's paper on Gen. Grant's book we find a couple of grammatical crimes and more than several examples of very crude and slovenly English—enough of them to easily entitle him to a lofty place in that illustrious list of delinquents just named. Gen. Grant's grammar is as good as anybody's; but if this were not so, we might brush that inconsequential fact aside and hunt his great book for far higher game. To suppose that because a man is a poet or a historian he must be correct in his grammar, is to suppose that an architect must be a joiner, or a physician a compounder of medicines. If you should climb the mighty Matterhorn to look out over the kingdoms of the earth, it might be a pleasant incident to find strawberries up there; but, great Scott, you don't climb the Matterhorn for strawberries!

There is that about the sun which makes us forget his spots; and when we think of Gen. Grant our pulses quicken and his grammar vanishes. We only remember that this is the simple soldier, who, all untaught of the silken phrase-makers, linked words together with an art surpassing the art of the schools, and put into them a something which will still bring to American ears, as long as America shall last, the roll of his vanished drums and the tread of his marching hosts. What do we care for grammar when we think of the man that put together that thunderous phrase, "Unconditional and

immediate surrender!" And those others: "I propose to move immediately upon your works!" "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" Mr. Arnold would, doubtless, claim that that last sentence is not strictly grammatical, and yet, nevertheless, it did certainly wake up this nation as a hundred million tons of A 1, fourth proof, hard-boiled, hide-bound grammar from another mouth couldn't have done. And, finally, we have that gentler phrase, that one which shows you another true side of the man; shows that in his soldier heart there was room for other than gory war mottoes, and in his tongue the gift to fitly phrase them: "Let us have peace."

THE FRENCH ENSIGN. (Abridged.)

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

This very stirring war poem was written by a very popular French writer. It records the story of a soldier, who, though a common man, was a noble patriot. Twenty years of honorable service were given to his country before he had earned his sergeant's stripes. He was afterward made an ensign, and then a sub-lieutenant. On the surrender of Bazaine, when his flag was taken, he tore it from the Prussian officer's hand, and, waving it aloft, tried to rouse the French soldiers to an attempt to break through the enemy's lines. His effort was vain and he died of anger and shame.

ROUND their flag, on the bank of a railway, the regiment stood,
 A mark for the Prussian army, massed in the opposite wood,
 Eighty yards between them. Heavens! how the bullets flew.
 "Lie down!" the officer shouted; but *that* not a man would do.
 Iron it rained on that slope! With crackle and peal and blaze,
 Piercing the flag that waved aloft in the wind of the mitrailleuse—
 The flag that again and again, with its bearer, faltered and fell
 Back in the smoke and carnage, like a lost soul into hell;
 And ever as it fell, a voice from the topmost crag,
 Dominating the firing, cried: "The flag, my lads, the flag!"
 Twenty-two times it fell! Twenty-two times its haft,
 Warm from a dying hand, was seized and held aloft;
 And when the sun went down, and the regiment slowly began
 A dogged retreat, still firing, and wounded—ay, every man,

The ghost of their former glory, the colors were borne away
In the hands of Ensign Hornus, the twenty-third of that day.

Night had drawn her curtain, when the gallant colonel came
And taking Hornus' brave right hand he kindly spoke his name,
Saying: "You've got the colors, I see; keep them, my brave old lad!"
His comrades scarcely knew him that night, he looked so gay and
glad,

And round his coarse old cap — all frayed with weather wear,
The band of a sub-lieutenant was stitched by the vivandière.

It had been his one ambition! And it filled his heart with pride;
And he drew himself proudly up, and walked with a martial stride.
And when the bullets sang round him, tearing it rag by rag,
High above treachery, death and defeat, he held his darling flag;
All his life, his strength, his soul bowed to his chief's command
That his regiment's colors should be kept from the enemy's soiling
hand.

And he stood in the midst of battle with a bold, defiant air,
Seeming to say to the Prussian host, "Ay, take them if you dare!"
But no one took them — not even death, and the colors came out
From murderous battlefields — from Borny and Gravelotte —
Tattered, transparent with wounds, sword-thrust and bullet-drill,
But safe in the hands of Hornus; the veteran held them still.

Came the autumn. In Metz, foe incircled, the army lay
Through that long pause of sick'ning peace, and slow but sure decay;
In the mud the cannon rusted — rusted in its sheath the steel,
And the soldiers died by thousands waiting for the clarion peal.

Alas! for poor old Hornus! One day he waked to hear
The camp in a clamor. Curses and threats were what met his ear.
And Hornus, rushing out of his tent, was given to know
That Marshal Bazaine had surrendered—surrendered without a
blow!

"Down with the coward!" they yelled, and cursed the Marshal's
name,

While the officers silently listened, hanging their heads for shame.

“And my colors?” asked Hornus, trembling. Ah! his colors,
’twas confessed,
Would go, at the Marshal’s order, to the Prussians with the rest.
Stiffened his face as he heard it—every muscle, every line,
“*T—Tonnerre de Dieu!*” the poor man stuttered, “*They shan’t
get mine.*”

Away to the town rushed Hornus, muttering as he ran :
“Take my flag, indeed! Let them try it—every man!
Let the Marshal give the Prussians his carriages and his plate;
But my flag is mine—and mine alone! ’Tis my honor, ’tis my
fate!”
He hurried along the noisy streets, and through the shouting
throng,
A great resolve within him arising clear and strong
To secure his regiment’s colors, and despite the Marshal’s seals,
Carve his way through the Prussian lines with his comrades at his
heels.

The arsenal gates were open. The Prussian wagons stood
In the yard, and behind them waited in sorrowful attitude
Old Hornus’ brother ensigns; bareheaded they stood in the rain;
And seeing them thus the old man’s heart was touched with name-
less pain.
And there in a muddy corner the army colors lay!
With their golden fringes and gay-hued silk all foul with mire and
clay.
An officer lifted them one by one as they called each regiment’s
name.
And forward for his acquittance in turn each ensign came.
“Hornus, get your receipt. Your turn!” But Hornus stands.
What does *he* care about a receipt? He wrings his hands
And looks at his flag—the last, the loveliest of them all.
And as he looked he seemed again to hear the stirring call:
“The flag, my lads, the flag!” And once again he stood
On the bank of the railway, facing the Prussians in the wood

With his dauntless comrades—answering the enemy gun for gun,
 Grouped in the awful blood-red glare of the setting sun,
 Seeing his comrades, one by one, springing forward to raise
 That flag, and float it once again in the wind of the mitrailleuse,
 And himself, at the colonel's call, seizing the gilded haft
 Warm from a dying hand, again its folds to waft.
 On the evening after the battle, he had sworn—no matter how
 It was assailed—to guard that flag till death—*till death*. And
 now——?

Frantic, distracted—mad! He forward leapt, and tore
 The flag from the officer's grasp, and held it aloft once more:
 "The flag, my lads, the flag!"

But the flag would not float! In that atmosphere, heavy and chill
 as death,
 What glorious thing could live? What glorious soul find breath?
 And the standard slipped from its bearer's hand, lifeless, heavy as
 lead,
 And Hornus—choked with rage and the shame of the thing—fell
 dead.

THE STAR OF DEMOCRACY.

HENRY WATTERSON.

Speech on the occasion of the nomination of General S. B. Buckner as Governor of Kentucky.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-DEMOCRATS—I take this to be a dress-parade of the boys in the trenches. I am but a drummer myself, but it makes my heart swell with the pride of a sergeant-major to look upon this magnificent array of Kentucky Democrats. It is an unmistakable sign that there is life in the party yet.

There needs to be. Rarely in the history of the politics of the country has there been greater need of some vitalizing current in Democratic counsels than there now is, and where shall we look to find this vitalizing current if not in Kentucky? The only distinct

line of Democratic policy which at this time awakens the enthusiasm of friends, and excites the denunciation of foes, is everywhere described as "the Kentucky idea." And what is the Kentucky idea? It is, as far as I am able to interpret it—and if there be anything I do understand, as the old woman said of her "bluin'," it is the Democracy of Kentucky—it is a sturdy clinging to the idea that government belongs to the many, and is not the exclusive property of the few, and an obstinate insistence that this idea shall be carried into every administrative and legislative affair, and applied alike to the self-anointed and the great unwashed.

Fellow-Democrats, we have stumbled upon times which, if they do not try men's souls, are enough to sicken dogs. Turn whichever way you will, it shall go lucky with you if you do not stick your nose into a bottle of patent medicine prescribed for the regeneration of mankind. The air is full of nostrums. There is the Protectionist's Wonderful Iron Tonic for making men rich by taxation. There is the Mugwump's Civil Service Elixir for purifying the system and perpetuating liberty by the erection of an aristocracy of office upon the ruins of representative government. There is Fraud's Own Pauper Patriotic Liniment, which proposes to exterminate vagabondage by making every tramp a pensioner, and which we should have actually had administered to us but for the fly which Grover Cleveland dropped into the first box of the ointment submitted to his inspection. There is that delicious sugar-coated double compound Educational Capsule, which is to be given to every little African in the land before he goes to bed, and when he gets up in the morning he shall come forth a scholar and a gentleman. And then there is Fox's Universal Renovator and Social, Moral and Political Cure-all, the Tee-total Prohibition Porous Plaster, which will stick to you like a brother, and which is expected to convert every drinking-saloon into a temple of worship, and to repeople the world with a new race of angels.

I am against each and all of these quack remedies, and against the man who is in favor of any one of them, and more particularly against him if he claims to be a Democrat. They strike at the root

of our constitutional system, which was conceived in the right of man to govern himself, and brought forth to meet the evil that mankind is governed too much. It would amaze the fathers of this republic to look in upon us to-day and to behold the elaborate architecture and the costly and variegated furniture with which the vanity and avarice of men and the ingenuity of devils have contrived to overlay and decorate the simple republican structure they hewed out of the primal forests of nature and built upon the rocks of liberty.

If it be not the mission of the Democratic party to preserve in the new something of the spirit of the old, to combine tradition with movement, and to lighten the highways of progress with brands snatched from the fire kindled by those who launched the ark of the Union and made the covenant of States, then there is no future for us, but a repetition of histories, which had better never been. I have followed the morning star of Democracy from the noonday of secession through the darkest hours of the midnight of reconstruction, and with the dawn of peace and reason have seen it shine over a reunited people as bright and clear as the star of Bethlehem, which presaged the coming of Christ; and as truly as I believe that God reigns and orders all things for good, so I believe that this morning star of Democracy, which has returned to its meridian and shines once more above the White House at Washington, presages the final triumph of freedom and the reign forever and aye of the people's simple majesty. It is because I believe this that I am unwilling to yield one inch of the people's ground to the encroachments of innovation, and hold these innovations more dangerous when they come clad in the raiment and flying the flag of a spurious Democracy. I had rather meet fifty enemies on the open plain in honest fight than one single enemy disguised as a friend.

Let me urge upon this convention, then, the reassertion of each of the old time-honored doctrines that has any bearing upon the present state of public affairs; the needful limitations of the Federal power; the unimpaired rights of the States; the money of the constitution, expressed in gold and silver and paper, convertible into

coin upon demand ; the free education of the people at home ; no sumptuary laws ; no political secret societies ; no more revenue than the government, economically administered, can spend, and a tariff laid upon the luxuries of life exclusively for public purposes. These, fellow-Democrats, are cardinal and axiomatic Democratic truths, and no Democrat can miss his way as long as he sticks to them with all his heart. Return to the trenches, I entreat you, and having laid aside your store clothes and put on your homespun, go to work to substantiate them as embodied by the good men and true selected by you to bear them on to victory.

This speech is bristling with points and makes an excellent declamation. An analysis is made of that portion in which political nostrums are named, and the star of Democracy is described. The teacher will do well to require pupils to give a full analysis. By assuming that the following questions are asked and answers given, the full meaning and correct rendering will be brought out :

What does the Protectionist's Tonic propose to do? "To make men rich by taxation."

What is the use of the Mugwump's Civil Service Elixir? "To purify the body politic."

What else? "For perpetuating liberty."

How? "By the erection of an aristocracy of office."

Upon what? "The ruins of representative government."

What does the Fraud's Own Pauper Patriotic Liniment propose to do? "Exterminate vagabondage."

How? "By making every tramp a pensioner."

Why are we not using this nostrum now? "Because Grover Cleveland dropped a fly into the first box that was presented for his inspection."

What is the Educational Capsule? "A delicious sugar-coated double compound."

To whom is it to be given? "To every little African in the land."

When? "Before he goes to bed."

What is the result? "He comes forth as a scholar and a gentleman."

When? "When he gets up in the morning."

How is the Teetotal Prohibition Porous Plaster described? "As Fox's Universal Renovator and Social, Moral and Political Cure-all."

What is its effect ? "It will stick to you like a brother."

What is it expected to do ? "To convert every drinking-saloon into a temple of worship."

What else ? "To re-people the world with a new race of angels."

How long does Mr. Watterson say he has followed the star of Democracy ? "Since the noonday of secession and the darkest hours of the midnight of reconstruction."

When did it shine over a reunited people ? "With the dawn of peace and reason."

What was its appearance ? "As bright and clear as the star of Bethlehem."

Where is this morning star of Democracy ? "Over the White House at Washington."

What does it presage ? "The final triumph of freedom."

What more ? "The reign of the people's simple majesty."

For what length of time ? "Forever and aye."

MR. BOWSER AMONG THE DRESSMAKERS.

A THRILLING RECITAL BY HIS WIFE.

WHAT Mr. Bowser didn't know about dressmaking up to a week ago wasn't worth knowing. What he doesn't know now would fill a large-sized book. I was fretting about the delay on the part of my dressmaker when he suddenly turned on me with :

"Mrs. Bowser, it's all confounded nonsense! When I order a suit of clothes they are ready for me at the date set, and if there is any reason why a dressmaker can't do business on business principles, I want to know it."

"But I can't help it," I protested.

"No, you can't! You women are fools to be imposed upon as you are! I'd like to see one of these dressmakers bamboozle me around the way they do you!"

"But you don't wear dresses."

"For which I thank Heaven! There is more nonsense about selecting a dress and having it made up than is seen in an idiot asylum in a year. I tell you, it's all bosh!"

"You might select my dress goods for me."

"Oh! I might! Well, hang me if I don't! Yes, I'll go down this very afternoon and buy you a new dress, and I'll follow the cloth until you have it on your back! I'll show you, Mrs. Bowser, that business is business!"

He began operations after dinner. Mr. Bowser has an alarm clock which goes off to the minute. He therefore argues that everybody else ought to go off with the same promptness and dispatch. He jumped off the car and rushed into a dry-goods store and said:

"Give me twelve yards of stuff for a dress—quick!"

"Calico or silk?" queried the clerk.

"Why, silk, of course. You may give me two shades—six yards in a shade. I'll take green and blue."

"But no one can get a dress out of twelve yards of silk, and as for the colors——"

"They can't, eh!" howled Bowser, "my mother never had over ten yards for a dress, and twelve has got to make one for my wife. The colors are all right."

The clerk gave him what he asked for, and Bowser rushed home and flung the package into my lap with:

"Been gone just thirty-seven minutes by the watch, while you would have been fooling around three afternoons. There's twelve full yards, and if you have any pieces left you can line my overcoat sleeves."

"Twelve yards! Why, I never get less than twenty-three! Don't you see how narrow silk is?"

"Um! I thought it was sheeting width, of course. That's another fraud I'm going to look to."

"And the shades—I can't wear 'em—no one could."

"You can't! Well, you will, all the same! This talk about matching the complexion with dress goods is the twaddle of idiots! If green and blue won't hit you, then let her miss! It's my taste, and I think I know what belongs to harmony. We'll go down after supper and get some dressmaker to begin work."

"But I know what she'll say."

"Oh! you do! Well, you leave that to me; I'm bossing this job,

Mrs. Bowser, and I'll teach you a thing or two before we get through ! ”

After supper we drove down town to a dressmaker's. As we got out of the carriage Bowser charged me to keep my mouth shut and let him do the talking, and I cheerfully promised obedience. He carried the bundle under his arm, and as we entered the shop he asked :

“ Will you take a contract to build Mrs. Bowser a dress and have it finished at a certain date ? ”

“ Let me see the goods,” she replied ; but no sooner had she opened the package than she asked :

“ Is it some fancy skirt for the circus ring ? ”

“ Circus ring ! ” he whooped, “ what is there about these goods to remind you of a circus ring ? ”

“ The colors.”

“ Mrs. Bowser,” he said as he turned to me, “ we will go elsewhere. It is evident that this person has come out of some door knob factory to take up dressmaking.”

At the second place the dressmaker smiled as she saw the colors, and replied that she wouldn't think of beginning work without twenty-four yards of silk at hand.

“ Then you'll never begin ! ” exclaimed Bowser. “ It's high time the long-suffering public kicked against this dressmaking robbery. When I buy twelve yards of silk for a dressmaker to steal, you can expect I'm going to die the next week.”

The third dressmaker seemed to understand the situation at a glance. She opened the silk, rolled it up again, and calmly but firmly said :

“ I'm very busy just now. You'd better take it to some blacksmith shop ! ”

Then we went home for the night. Bowser was mad and wouldn't speak to me, and as he slept he dreamed of dressmakers, and I overheard him saying :

“ Colors ! I tell you its all bosh ! How many horses and cows do we see of four or five colors ! ”

The next day we visited twelve other dressmakers. Two of them

called Mr. Bowser an old fool, and four others laughed in his face, while the other six refused to have anything to do with the dress. When we left the last place he said :

"Mrs. Bowser, I m a man who can't be bulldozed. Those dress-makers have formed a ring to steal cloth and keep up prices. I'll beat 'em at their own game. We'll wait until we go to New York and then buy a ready-made dress."

When we got home he called the cook into the sitting-room and gave her the silk, and she thanked him kindly and added :

"It comes in very handy, Mr. Bowser, for my sister is a tight-rope performer and wants a new costume."

I couldn't help laughing, and Mr. Bowser hasn't spoken to me since.

WINNIFRED, WALTER, AND THE W'S.

The following is excellent not only for practice on the W's, but much variety of tone, time, force and pitch may be thrown into it. It makes a good encore selection, as many people are pleased to hear what seems to have been a great effort of memory to acquire. It is a good exercise for pupils to compose and afterward read similar compositions.

[*Cheerily.*]

'WARM weather, Walter ! Welcome warm weather ! We were wishing winter would wane, weren't we ?'

[*Languidly.*]

"We were well wearied with waiting," whispered Walter wearily. Wan, white, woebegone was Walter—wayward, willful, worn with weakness, wasted, waxing weaker whenever winter's wild, withering winds were wailing.

[*Descriptively.*]

Wholly without waywardness was Winifred, Walter's wise, womanly watcher, who, with winsome, wooing ways, was well-beloved.

[*Coaxingly.*]

"We won't wait, Walter ; while weather's warm we'll wander where wood-lands wave ; won't we ?"

[*Descriptively.*]

Walter's wonted wretchedness wholly waned.

[*Foyously.*]

"Why, Winnie, we'll walk where we went with Willie; we'll weave wild-flower wreaths, watch workmen working, worms wriggling, wind-mills whirling, water-mills wheeling; we will win wild whortleberries, witness wheat winnowed."

[*Descriptively.*]

Wisbeach Woods were white with wild-flowers; warm westerly winds whispered where willows were waving; wood-pigeons, wrens, wood-peckers were warbling. Where Wisbeach water mill's waters, which were wholly waveless, widened were water-lilies waxen white. Winifred wove wreaths with woodbine, white-thorn, wall-flowers, while Walter whittled wooden wedges with willow wands.

[*Quickly.*]

Wholly without warning, wild, wet winds woke within Wisbeach Woods, whistling where Winifred wandered with Walter; weeping [*pathetically*] willows were wailing, [*heavily and rapidly*] waging war with wind-tossed waters.

[*Hurriedly.*]

"Walter, we won't wait."

"Which way, Winnie?"

[*Hesitatingly.*]

Winifred wavered.

[*Quickly.*]

Without waiting, Willie was within Winston's wood-work walls.

[*Rapturously.*]

"Welcome, welcome, Willie!"

[*Wearily.*]

Winnie was weeping with weariness, with watching Walter, with wayfaring.

[*Encouragingly.*]

"Why, Winnie! wise, watchful, warm-hearted Winnie!" Willie whispered wheedlingly, "we won't weep; Walter's well. What were Walter without Winnie?"

[*Admiringly.*]

Wholly wonderful was Winifred's womanly wisdom, which well warranted weakly Walter's welfare. [*Descriptively.*] Whenever wandering within Wisbeach Woods with Winnie, Walter would whisper, [*praisingly*], "What were Walter without Winnie—watchful, wise, warm-hearted Winnie?"

THE CHANT OF THE CROSS-BEARING CHILD.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

(A good exercise in negro dialect.)

I BEAR dis cross dis many a mile,
O de cross-bearin' chile—
De cross-bearin' chile!

I bear dis cross 'long many a road
Wha' de pink ain't bloomed an' de grass ain't growed.
O de cross-bearin' chile—
De cross-bearin' chile!

Hit's on my conscience all dese days
Fo' ter bear de cross ut de good Lord lays
On my po' soul, an' ter lif' my praise.
O de cross-bearin' chile—
De cross-bearin' chile!

I's nigh-'bout weak ez I mos' kin be,
Yit de Mastah call, an' He say, "You's free
Fo' ter 'cept dis cross an' ter cringe yo' knee
To no n'er man in de worl' but me!"
O de cross-bearin' chile—
De cross-bearin' chile!

Says you guess wrong ef I let you guess—
Says you 'spect more an'-a you git less—
Says you go eas', says you go wes',

An' whense you fin' de road ut you like bes'
 You betteh tak chice er any er de res' !

O de cross-bearin' chile—

De cross-bearin' chile !

He build my feet an' he fix de signs
 Dat de shoe hit pinch an' de shoe hit bines
 Ef I wear eights an-a wanter wear nines ;
 An' I hope fo' de rain an' de sun it shines,
 An' whilse I hunt de sun hit's de rain I fines—
 O a trim my lamp an'-a gyrd my lines !

O de cross bearin' chile—

De cross-bearin' chile !

I wadé de wet an' I walk de dry ;
 I done tromp long an' I done clim' high ;
 An' I pilgrim on ter de golding sky,
 A' I taken der resk fo' ter cas' my eye
 Wha' de gate swing wide an' de Lord draw nigh,
 An' de trump hit blow an' I hear de cry—
 "You lay dat cross down by-an'-by !

O de cross-bearin' chile—

De cross-bearin' chile !"

LITTLE BO-PEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE .

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

(Recitation for a little child.)

IT happened one morning that little Bo-Peep,
 While watching her frolicsome, mischievous sheep
 Out in the meadow, fell fast asleep.

But her wind-blown tresses and rose-leaf pout,
 And her dimpling smile, you'd have guessed, no doubt,
 'Twas love, love, love, she was dreaming about.

As she lay there asleep came little Boy Blue,
 Right over the stile where the daisies grew;
 Entranced by the picture he stopped in the dew.

So wildly bewitching that beautiful morn
 Was Little Bo-Peep, that he dropped his horn
 And thought no more of the cows in the corn.

Our sorrows are many, our pleasures are few;
 Oh, moment propitious! What could a man do?
 He kissed that wee lassie, that little Boy Blue!

At the smack the woolies stood all in a row,
 And whispered each other: "We're clearly *de trop*;
 Such conduct is perfectly shocking — let's go!"

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

TEACHER. [*In a very encouraging tone.*] If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

JOHNNY.—[*Thin, high voice.*] How many little sisters would be left?

T.—[*A little reproachfully.*] Do listen, Johnny! [*slowly and in a very precise way.*] If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

J.—We haven't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

T.—We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

J.—[*With innocent tone.*] Then they wouldn't be real peaches?

T.—No.

J.—Would they be preserved peaches?

T.—Certainly not.

J.—Pickled peaches?

T.—[*Getting quite exasperated.*] No, no! there wouldn't be any peaches at all. I told you, Johnny, we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

J.—[*As if he understands and fully agrees with the teacher.*] Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

T.—Now, Johnny, put that knife into your pocket, or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagine three peaches to be on the table.

J.—Yes.

T.—And your little sister eats one of them, and then goes away.

J.—Yes, but she wouldn't go away; you don't know my little sister.

T.—But suppose your mother was there and wouldn't let her eat but one?

J.—Mother's out of town and won't be back till next week.

T.—[*Sternly.*] Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

J.—There wouldn't be any peaches left; [*laughing*] I'd grab the other two.

T.—The scholars are now dismissed; Johnny White will remain where he is.

TWO VALENTINES.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

The one poem, "Tired Mothers," written by this author, would have made her famous, had she never dipped her pen in ink again. Many a mother, on both sides of the Atlantic, who has seen the grass growing over a little grave, has said:

"If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There's no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumbled by a shining head,
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead."

If anything would tempt us into publishing an old selection in this book it is "Tired Mothers," but we will stop with the stanza quoted above. May Riley Smith is a dainty singing-bird of the home-nest, and her verses are always exquisite. We could fill the book with them. The "Two Valentines" is quaint and touching. The happiness of Meg, the mirth of Maude, the complete reconstruction of Tom, are made clear; and the reader is in close sympathy with them all from first to last.

ONE was the loveliest thing ! a pink *sachet*,
 Trimmed with soft ribbons and *point applique*,
 While heliotropes upon a rosy field
 The daintiest of perfumes seemed to yield.

Give final stress on "loveliest," radical on "pink sachet (pronounced sash-ā), ribbons and *point applique*" (pronounced ap-pli-kāy). Emphasize "heliotropes;" quicken time upon the prepositional phrase "upon a rosy field"; make rising slide of a fifth on "daintiest," and emphasize "perfumes."

Tom thought it just the thing ; and then he knew
 The nicest girl in town would think so, too ;
 And, best of all, within the folds there lay
 A valentine whose verses read this way :

Give rising slide of a fifth on "just the," and falling on "thing ;" radical stress on "the nicest girl in town would think ;" falling wave on "so ;" rising on "too ;" rising slide on "best of ;" falling on "all," and emphasize strongly the word of value, which is "valentine."

"What is daintier, can you tell,
 Than lichen groves, where the fairies dwell ?

"What is a still more delicate thing
 Than the silken stuff of a butterfly's wing ?

"What has a lining, do you think,
 As fair as the mushroom's fluted pink ?

"Are you so dull ? Why, the purest thing
 Is the heart of the girl whose praises I sing."

Give continuous rising slide on "What is dain-," falling on "-tier," compound stress on "you, tell, lichen, groves, fairies, dwell" (Webster gives preference for the pronunciation li-ken, but allows lich-en. Smart gives li-ken, when used as a medical word, and lich-en as a botanical term. Custom shows more use of the first pronunciation than the last); emphasize "more," falling slide on "delicate," compound stress ending with rising inflection on "thing," emphasis of a fifth on "butterfly's," compound stress on "wing," falling wave on "lining," continuous rising slide on "As fair as the mush-," falling on "-room's," compound rising slide of an octave on "dull," continuous rising slide on "the heart of the," falling on "girl," pause after "girl."

This he addressed to Miss Maude Alice Browne.

Another—how I blush to write it down—

He sent in spite to poor lame Meg McCray,

Who won the prize in algebra that day.

Emphasize "Maude Alice Browne, Meg McCray (and) algebra," as they are the words of value in this stanza.

"There is a young person I know,
Whose shoes are all out at the toe;
She has very large feet,
Her gown is not neat,
And her petticoats hang down below.

"I *may* ride a broom to the sky,
A snow-storm *may* fall in July,
And my slovenly friend,
Her habits *may* mend;
But do you believe it? Not I."

Read the first five lines rather rapidly, emphasize the italicized words, continuous rising slide on direct question "Do you believe it," with compound stress on "believe;" a decided shake of the head will accompany "Not I."

But can you tell how it came about

That Miss Maude Alice Browne, with laugh and shout,

Received Meg's valentine? And, strange to tell,
Miss Meg McCray received Miss Browne's, as well.

Compound stress on "tell, came, about, Browne, Meg's, valentine." Last line must be read so as to show a keen sense of the humor, with contrasted words "McCray" and "Browne's" receiving contrasting inflections.

"O, Tom!" Meg cried with innocent, round eyes,
"I've had the dearest kind of a surprise!
Now, who could love a poor, plain girl like me
Enough to send this valentine — just see!

When saying "O, Tom," the gesture, right hand prone, horizontal oblique, is made as if to call the attention of the young man; "dearest" is given with hands clasped joyfully; "enough to send this—" both hands vertical, raised in surprise and a graceful movement outward is given, with both hands supine and horizontal front on "valentine." A gesture as if extending the paper on "just see." The voice expresses glee as the first words are uttered. Intense pleasure on "dearest;" and there is a little dash of tearful joy as she slowly and a bit tremulously says "a poor, plain girl like me," culminating in a tone entirely pleasurable on "valentine." "Just see" is said with a little victorious flourish of voice.

"If I were rich like Miss Maude Alice Browne,
And pretty, too — why Tom, what makes you frown?
It could not be so sweet to me, you know,
To feel that some kind person loved me so.

A look of surprise comes into her face on "why Tom, what makes you frown?"

"But now, whenever things seem hard to bear,
I think it will be easier not to care,
Because I shall remember, don't you see?
That some one sent this valentine to me."

The pleasure and confidence shown in the delivery of these lines bring Tom to time. He forgives the lame girl for winning the prize; he almost applauds himself for sending the verses, and is

finally in full sympathy with the happy Meg. All this is told in the following stanza :

Tom looked perplexed. What could the fellow do
But say, "Well, Meg, I'm just as glad as you!"
And so he was; the jealous fiend had flown,
And in his eyes a true repentance shown.

And Miss Maude Alice Browne? She laughed with glee,
"Who could have sent this horrid thing to me?
Well, it's a joke, and here's the best of it,
It doesn't hurt because it doesn't hit."

On the second line there should be a hearty laughter running through. The words of value are "joke, best, hurt, hit."

That night Tom's sister touched him on the knee,
"I say, dear Tom," she said mischievously,
"I wonder if the Lord will credit you
With what you *did*, or what you *meant* to do?"

There will be a playful gesture of the head as well as hand on the italicized words "*did*" and "*meant*."

MIRANDY.

EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

(Yankee dialect.)

WHEN she looks sad, somehow I jes'
Fly 'roun' an' do my level bes'
Ter cheer her up a leetle mite,
An' make them eyes o' hern git bright.

An' ef she hes a sort o' frown,
I grow plumb scart from eyelids down;
But when she smiles, I kinder feel
Rale spankin' good from head to heel.

An' yet, she's jes' a brown-eyed slip
 O' crittur, with a onder lip
 Thet 'pears ez ef a bumble-bee
 Hed stung it acciden'ally.

An' yeller hair thet curls up tight
 Aroun' a neck thet's spang snow white ;
 An' sech a voice ! — I'm free ter say
 The angels 'bout talk that-a-way.

Why, when she sings, I tell you all,
 A trem'lin' rap'ure 'pears ter crawl
 Cl'ar up the middle o' my back,
 Jes' like the agur, fer a fac' !

O' course I know I'm nigh a mos'
 A fool about'n her — but 'spose
 You hed six sons, like me'n Maw,
 An' jes' one gal ter call you "Paw?"

THE HEN-HUSSY.

(Good for an encore.)

"MY husband cost me a good girl last week by one of his whims," said Mrs. Bowser. "I happened to wonder aloud during the evening if Bridget had put her bread to rise, when he promptly inquired :

" ' Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread rises ?'

" ' Because of the yeast.'

" ' But why does the yeast expand the dough ?'

" ' Because it does.'

" ' Exactly. You also live because you do, and that's all you know about it ! You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows any better.'

"He went out and inquired :

“ ‘Bridget, have you put the bread to rise?’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘Do you expect it to rise?’

“ ‘Of course.’

“ ‘Why don’t you expect it to fall?’

“ ‘Are you running this kitchen?’ she sharply demanded.

“ ‘Virtually, yes. My object is to see how well you are posted on natural philosophy. Why does the bread rise instead of fall?’

“ ‘Because it’s a fool, and I’m another fool: staying in a place where a man is allowed to hen-hussy about the kitchen! I’ll leave in the morning.’

“And leave she did, and all the consolation I got from Mr. Bowser, as he came up to dinner, was: ‘It’s a good thing she left. She might have mixed something together which would have caused our deaths. Come, now, hurry up the dinner.’”

THE SPRING POET.

HAL BERTÉ.

There is an opportunity for excellent action on this little thing. It has been found particularly good as an encore.

“ ‘I’ll sing,’ said the poet, “a song on Spring—”
 I The editor murmured, “Hush!

On a newer theme let fancy wing
 And leave this Springtide gush
 To the thousand, thousand busy pens
 That write on this one thing.
 Eschew, if you have a grain of sense,
 This hackneyed subject, Spring.”

“ ‘I’ll sing,’ said the poet, “a song on Spring—”
 The editor shook his head;

“ ‘If you do,’ said he, “I’ll get a gun
 And bore you through with lead,

For three-score poems have come to-day
 To me on postal wing,
 And out of these, I grieve to say,
 Three-fourths are labeled 'Spring.' "

"I'll sing," said the poet, "a song on Spring—"
 The editor then uprose
 And he smote that bard with fists full hard
 In swift-descending blows.
 "Hold ! hold !" the frightened poet cried,
 "Forego this cruel lickin'!
 I meant not verses on Springtide,
 But verses on Spring—chicken."

THE FATE OF MACKAY.

NOAH LITTLE.

THERE lived a young man called Mackay,
 Near by,
 Who trembled and felt very shy.
 My eye !
 If a girl would smile, he would run for a mile,
 So bashful a man was Mackay.

Hooch ay !

So bashful a man was Mackay.

"Now," said he, "this never will do.
 That's true.

My chances for courtships fall through —
 They do,

Why, they'd jump at the chance if I made an advance.
 And snap at a man like Mackay.

Hooch ay !

They'd snap at a man like Mackay.

“ The first time I meet with sweet Kate,
 Though blate,
 I’m determin’d to find out my fate,
 Ere late.
 I’ll fall down on my knees, give her hand the least squeeze,
 And say, ‘ become Mrs. Mackay.’

Hooch ay !

I’ll say, ‘ Become Mrs. Mackay.’ ”

But when the proud lass said “ No,
 Now go ! ”

That was indeed a sad blow,
 You know.

It did not break his heart ; it might well give a start,
 To refuse a man like Mackay.

Hooch ay !

To refuse a man like Mackay.

But, “ There’s plenty more fish in the sea,”
 Said he ;

“ And there’s lots of nice girls would have me,
 If free.”

So he just tried some more, till he asked at least four
 To comfort the heart of Mackay

Hooch ay !

To comfort the heart of Mackay.

But when he at last got a wife —
 From Fife ;

His troubles soon began to be rife,
 In life.

He’d to clean up the floor, wash the bairns, mind the door,
 Which wasn’t the real Mackay.

Hooch ay !

That wasn’t the real Mackay.

“Obboo gobboo yabbee yabbee ah hoo um loo baa. Iddy, iddy, iddy, iddy.”

There was no Greek or other unknown tongue to mamma about this ; it was perfectly intelligible, and it meant that The Jefful was beginning to get ready to begin to want to get up.

Then there was a spirited race between mamma and The Jefful, the former endeavoring to get all the braid ripped off before the latter should reach that point where she might legitimately insist upon arising. Rip, rip, rip went the blade of mamma's little knife upon the stitches.

[*A little more spirit on the part of the baby*] “Bibble, bubble-ob-ob-ob-ob,” said The Jefful, and again the little knife said. “Rip, rip, rip.”

[*With coaxing tone, as if playing with one of its pink feet.*] “Attee pattee okky pokkey poo,” remarked The Jefful, and the knife said : “Rip, rip, rip-rip-rip.”

Then The Jefful stuffed one of her big toes in her mouth, and took a rest for about two minutes, and the knife had gained nearly a yard before its antagonist resumed with : [*Beginning sweetly but ending in a decided squall,*] “Appee-chip-ah-wa-wa-wa.” “Rip, rip-r-r-r-r-r-rip.” [*Breaking out much louder*] “Booga. Ommul lummy ummy moo.”

This was rather discouraging to the knife, for when The Jefful got to the vowels that caused her lips to protrude it generally indicated serious business ; so the knife went :

“R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-rip-ip-ip.”

Then The Jefful refreshed herself for a moment or two with her thumb which gave the knife an advantage it was not slow to improve. But there was something affrighting in The Jefful's next remark :

[*With pretty strong emphasis.*]

“Mom-mom-mom-mom-mom-mah !

This last exclamation was long drawn out.

The knife had but two more yards to go before completing its work, and away it flew, literally snapping out as mamma drew the braid to its full tension.

[*Sound of ripping should be made very emphatically.*]

“ Rip-ip-ip-ip-ip-ip-ip.”

The baby opened her mouth so wide that she had to shut her eyes as she wailed out a prolonged “ Ya ! ”

“ Rip, rip, rip ! ” replied the knife.

[*Louder and more energetically.*]

“ Ya ! ”

“ Rip, rip, rip ! ” replied the knife.

[*Louder and more energetically.*] “ Ya ! ”

[*Fumping a whole octave.*]

“ Ya-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-mom-mah ! ”

By this time every nerve in mamma’s body had got into that little knife. Again The Jefful raised her voice and said :

[*Screaming at top of voice.*]

“ Ya-ya-ah-ee-ee-um-um-nga-ya oobutty – ubbut-tub-tub-kup-put non koo poo choo.”

This stimulated mamma to the utmost ; she had only a scant yard to go — then only two feet — then only one — then only eight or nine inches.

Just then The Jefful started again, at which mamma gave a harder tug than usual at the braid, and crack it went backward tearing a strip several inches wide of the facing and silk and taking them with it.

Mamma dropped — threw the dress upon the floor, resisting a vulgar impulse to stamp and dance upon it, and the face she wore as she started to take The Jefful boded nothing less than impalement and subsequent quartering to that offender. But as mamma passed through the door and Jefful saw her, the little face lighted up joyfully as with arms extended she crowed :

“ Obboo gobboo yabby, iddy, iddy, iddy,” and mamma, the terrible, the enraged, the avenger, the despoiled, took her baby in her arms and didn’t care one particle whether the dress would be too short, or whether she could match the silk so as to cover the rent with a flounce ;— she simply didn’t care for anything but her wee, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed laughing little Jefful.

THE FIRST SNOW.

ELLA DIETZ.

The author of this poem has recited it many times in London, where it is an especial favorite.

(A comedietta in verse.)

GOOD-BY! the comedy's over,
Six months of love in the sun and clover,
Beginning with the sweet June weather,
And ending with this fall of snow.
Why, only yesterday, you know,
While we were tramping the woods together,
Crushing the brown leaves under feet,
You found a wild-flower. "Ah, how sweet!"
You cried. "This dear love thing
Is worth a hundred in the Spring."
And then I smiled, for it seemed of late
We were growing remarkably stiff and straight,
And the words that I wanted most to say
Came in some strange, inverted way.
When I felt most tender I looked like a clown,
And my compliments turned upside down,
As if they partook of the common distortion.
But yet in this tangle I fancied a portion
Of the fault was yours. You had a trick
Of tripping me up, when you dropped your eyes
And smiled; then, with a sudden prick,
In went your needle through and through
The worsted stuff into your finger.
Of course I was sorry. What could I do?
Kiss the little wounded place;
Which act you took with a shocking bad grace,
Saying, "Repeat, if you can, that wise
Remark you were making when I

Interrupted." Then awkwardly
I recount. Bah ! why should I linger
Over it now. When you found that flower
I thought it an omen, that this last hour
Might bring me some little blossom, too,
Just to help me the winter through.
But you, when you knew that I must go,
Grew colder and colder ; then came the snow.
If I wanted omens, here was one :
No flowers now, no Summer sun ;
And you, who used to be so merry,
Distant and strange. If I had begun
By holding over your head a cherry
And saying, " I will give you this
And a loving heart and a tender kiss,
And guard you all the days of my life
If you will promise to be my wife,"
You'd have laughed a little and tried to reach,
And asked me where I learned that speech.
" Out of your nursery rhymes, I take it ;
Well, here is my promise—remember I make it
For the sake of the cherry, sir, not for you."
Then I should have known, what before I knew,
That we loved each other, just as the birds
Know it, without the use of words.
For words seemed futile between us two ;
Your face, your voice, your look, your smile
Told me you loved me all the while.
I think then we had both been able,
By saying the multiplication table,
To express our love. As the fairy fable
Tells of a maiden whose mouth dropped pearls
(Because she was wise and the best of girls),
So whenever *we* spoke—it could not be stopped
If we opened our mouths then out love dropped.
But it did not need that we should speak—

The light of your eyes, the bloom on your cheek,
 Told more than love verses written in Greek.
 But how it ever came to this :
 That I should somehow fail and miss
 In holding you, I can't understand ;
 You slipped so quietly from my hand,
 And now a yawning wide abyss
 Divides us. No fallen tree, no rope,
 Nothing on which to hang a hope.
 And so I say again, good-bye ;
 This is the end of the comedy.

* * * * *

" May I know what your writing, please ? "

" Only a letter, something to tease
 You when I'm gone."

" Are you going
 Really ? Because you see it's snowing
 So fast now—if you go to-night
 You know you *must* start very soon—
 Can't you wait till to-morrow noon ? "
 " I think I've waited too long already ;
 This *is* a snow-storm."

That remark
 Remained unanswered over a minute,
 Then—" You can't cross the river after dark ;
 Please stay"—with a voice unsteady.
 Was the goal at hand ? Could I win it ?
 Then suddenly all grew light !
 Ah ! the snow may go as it came ;
 My heart leaped up as a flame
 From the embers—I knew she was mine ;
 My arms grew strong to enfold her,
 My lips came closer, and told her,
 In whispers—what you must divine.

THE PHANTOM BALL.

ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

THERE'S a staunch old Southern mansion near the broad
Potomac river,

How long it has been standing there no mortal seems to know ;
But the winds wail through the chimneys and around the windows
shiver,

As if it had belonged to them a century ago.

A look of solid grandeur, and quiet antique glory,

Marks the quaint, peaked attic windows and the wide, substantial
door ;

People say the house is haunted, but no weird or ghostly story

Pales the sunlight on the threshold falling brightly as of yore.

Yet within those stately chambers witching memories are thronging—

Gleams of misty bridal vesture, love-light born of starry eyes,
Shades of confined brows transfigured, when, with eager, wistful
longing,

· Patient spirits in their parting had a glimpse of Paradise.

There are wafts of light and shadow from the dusk or sunny tresses

Of ladies gliding gaily to the viol or the flute ;

Broken vows and prayerful partings, clinging kisses and caresses,

Left by hearts surcharged with passion, glowing lips now cold
and mute.

Changing scenes and changing faces, like the panorama passing,

While the old clock, tall and spectral, points in warning, as of yore,
To the little flying minutes—Time's coral builders—massing
As milestones to eternity, the ages on life's shore.

Left alone unto my dreamings, in that mansion old and haunted,

As the midnight hour was sounding came sweet echoes soft and
low,

From the ball-room up above me : it must surely be enchanted,

For footsteps there were gliding—swiftly gliding to and fro.

On it swept, my senses thrilling, and the solemn silence rifting,
Till my pulses throbbed in rhythm with the pulses of the air—
A wave of magic melody my very soul uplifting,
Till in fancy's wake I followed up the dark, old-fashioned stair.

I knew they must be spirits, a gay crowd of spectres dancing,
In that now moon-silvered chamber where they danced in bygone
days,
When it shone a brilliant ball-room, but, as then, bright lights were
glancing
'Neath the doors and through the keyholes—lo ! the room was in
a blaze.

To a keyhole observation then I stooped ; it was entrancing.
Oh ! ghost-land, thy rich jewels and thy satins and thy gold,
Have a marvelous glamor, and thy ladies gaily glancing
Through the minuet, a beauty that is wondrous to behold.

And thy cavaliers too charming, with their spirit-land afflatus,
To meet in nightly revels very often, heaven knows,
Without some queer comparisons, which might affect the status,
And unsettle the proud prestige of earth's self-approving beaux.

All so courtly in their deference to the fair ones, who maintained
Such a queenly pose in waltzing, spite their undulating grace,
And their flowing, powdered tresses, that no tell-tale dust remained
On their partners' dark coats, telling of the ball-room's close
embrace.

Growing bolder and more eager, I arose, and, slyly creeping,
All unnoticed by their ghostships, through a partly opened door,
And past a lovely lady, who, with Lafayette, was sweeping
To a grand and stately measure, through the *menuet de la cour*.

With our own immortal Washington, to lighter measures flying,
I danced a wild fandango, till some woman shrieked,—“Away,—
Thou art mortal.” I ignored her, even female ghosts are prying—
But felt put out and defeated when the Frenchman cried, “*Sortez.*”

For a single human presence broke the spells of that weird meeting.

They were severed by the throbbing of one restless human heart,
As the rainbow-tinted bubbles, so beautiful and fleeting,

Are all broken by the swiftness of the current whence they start.

I beheld the head of Washington around me glancing,

With a thrill of terror, noting his silk-stockinged limbs were lost ;
Lafayette's head, disappearing, left his shapely legs still dancing,

And I dreaded the misfitting of somebody's glorious ghost.

For the granddames fell to pieces in the midst of their revolving,

Jewelled arms and brows and bosoms, starry eyes, soft tresses, all
In a bright phantasmagoria flashing round me and dissolving,

As I fled with cries of terror, from that haunted dancing-hall.

ESSAY ON NECKS.—(By a Young Scientist.)

LAURA M. BRONSON.

Of all the school compositions, beginning with the famous one "Upon a Horse," this is the very best. It is, of course, supposed to be read from a paper in hand. The reader comes out on the platform with brisk, self-reliant step. He makes a short, stiff bow, and reads with a high-pitched voice. His tone and manner show that he believes in himself, and has no doubts in regard to the success of his reading or the astonishing value of the production. He concludes in a victorious manner, makes a lower but not less inflexible bow and stalks proudly off the stage. This is one way. Let the reciter adopt another if he have a better.

NECKS are very convenient to have. Bull-frogs & toads don't need them, except bull-frogs when they give concerts in the middle of the night, when they are very useful. Turtles are very savin' of theirs & swallow them to get them out of the way.

Men have to have necks, too, or they couldn't be swung up on gallowses to amuse women and little boys at hangin' bees.

A giraff has a neck growin' out of the upper end of his body & it is small at the top which he uses to swallow with, & it grows long & slim to make things taste good all the way down, which is different from snakes, for snakes have necks all the way to the ends of their tails and are smaller at the bot-bottom & can swallow toads &

things without chew-chew-chewing of them; but it takes a good while to do it.

Roosters & ministers & lions have to have necks to crow with and roar with, only roosters don't have to have white neckties to crow in—in, they can crow good enough without—without them, & have to get up too early in the morning to fix them on, cause, too, they don't have lookin' glasses in the barnyards to see how they look without them.

Lions never sees neckties, for they roar in forests, except when they live in cages.

Hens have necks, too, but they don't crow cause they are females & females only cack-cackle.

There is an animal called a crow which have necks to eat corn with, but they never use them like roosters.

I like roosters and lions better than I like toads or snakes or giraffes or ministers, or a bull-frog or a hen or crows.

A great many more things have necks, but I can't think of them now.

FRITZ.

ANNA RANDALL-DIEHL

(Written for the Grandmother's Department of the "Christian at Work.")

I SHALL tell you of two little fellows who bore that name. One of them lived in a grand and beautiful house on Fifth avenue. He had the most tender care you could imagine, and never waited on himself for anything on earth he wanted. He had the most delicate food, was clad in the warmest clothing in winter, and the coolest possible in summer. On sunny days in winter, wrapped up to his ears in a coat well stuffed with eider down, he looked from the closed windows of a carriage as it rolled through Central Park, and in summer he took his daily rides in a beautiful landau with the top thrown back so that he could enjoy the air and see the lovely

country through which he passed. Do you envy the one on whom all this luxury was expended?

The other Fritz lived, I ought to say existed, away down in an alley near the East River. He never had a warm suit of clothing from head to foot in his life. If he got up early in the morning to be ahead of the Italians and raked out a comfortable pair of shoes from an ash-barrel, he was sure at that time to have a coat that gave his poor little shivering body perfect ventilation. If by chance, as it happened once or twice, somebody gave him a coat and a decent pair of breeches, his shoes were like sieves and his hat ditto. But he went barefooted a good portion of the year. You would scarcely have noticed that he did not wear shoes if it had not been for his ten toes; for his feet, which had never had an application of soap and water, were so black that they almost looked as if they had a covering. This little Fritz did not have a bowl of rich cream and a smoking chop for his breakfast. He was glad to get anything that would fill up that awful big place in his stomach which was always crying for "more," and somehow never got satisfied. A bit of cold steak, handed out by some warm-hearted Irish girl through the grate of the basement door, was a god-send and fairly set him up for a week. This little fellow was not idle. Enough money came into his hands to make him comfortable if he had been permitted to use even a little of it for himself. He sold papers night and morning. Once in a great while somebody gave him a nickel for a penny paper and did not wait for the change, or generously told him to keep the pennies. With four cents of his own, which you may be sure he lost little time in spending, he ran the risk of not having substantial food, and indulged in pop corn, candy or peanuts. This little chap had a drunken father; he wasn't much like a father, and Fritz sometimes doubted very much if that relationship existed. How could it? for the man cared nothing for the little one's comfort and beat him most cruelly if the whole value of the papers sold daily were not given into his hand every night. There was always money kept to buy the papers next day or the business would have been at an end, but the profits all ran down the throat of the man in the shape of whiskey.

One day the Fifth avenue Fritz died. It was a clear case of an overdose of luxury. He was placed in a handsome coffin lined with pale blue satin, and laid away in a choice little nook on the grounds of the country-seat where he had breathed his last.

It was a long, cold winter, and the other Fritz had been out in all sorts of weather with never a fire to dry his rain-soaked rags at night, or a cup of hot coffee to warm his stomach in the morning.

Is it strange that he began to cough and that ere long his great black eyes gleamed out like stars set in his pale, hunger-pinched face?

God is good, and one night there was one little voice less to cry at the Brooklyn Bridge, "Daily Noo-ez—one cent."

Fritz had gone to that country where they need not the light of the sun by day, nor the moon by night, and the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

His poor little body found rest in an unpainted coffin and was laid away in the Potter's Field.

The Fifth avenue Fritz was a dog, a silver Skye, the other a child. God pity such!

Ah me!

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

Mr. Proudfit was first known in literature under the name of "Peleg Arkwright." Many of his earlier poems were in dialect form. They were full of the gamin sentiment, the tenderness, the pathos of the poor and uneducated. His later poems are pitched upon a higher key, but they are no less true to nature. Among those most popular as recitations are "Poor Little Joe," "Drowned," "Love on the Half-Shell," "Warden, Keep a Place for Me," "Love in a Kitchen," "A Catastrophe," "The Last Ride," and "The Palmer."

HE was feeble and old and his figure was drooping,
As he sat there watching the boy in his sleep,
And tremulous shadows were waving about him,
As the fire burned fitful with flicker and leap.

Burning with fever the boy lay moaning,
His sunken eyes were aglow with red,
And his little hands with their restless fingers
Wandered uneasily over the bed.

The aged watcher, with pleading anguish,
Pours his heart in an earnest prayer—
A prayer of importunate, tender yearning
For the sweet young life that is fading there—

The one dear life that is left to care for.
O, blessed Christ! on thy natal day,
Out of Thine infinite love and pity,
The hand of the dread destroyer stay!

The boy sleeps on, and the snow is falling
Out in the silent and sorrowful night,
And the shadows mock at the old man's figure,
Sitting there in the flickering light.

It is Christmas eve, and the thought came quickly,
Bringing a tear to his faded eye—
“The light of the Christmas sun will show me
If the little one is to live or die.”

Sudden he stoops, with an anxious gesture—
The little sleeper has made a moan—
His lips are moving, the words come trembling;
The old man listens and stifles a groan.

“Is it Christmas yet? It is long in coming
Why is it hot? I am burning here!
Christmas comes in the winter weather—
It can't be Christmas yet, grandpa, dear—

“Christmas comes in the winter weather
When the air is frosty and cold, I know;
You said I would hear the sleigh-bells jingle,
And bundle up and go out in the snow,

“And you said in the beautiful Christmas morning —
But it can't be morning, the room is so dark —
If I was good, so that He could love me,
The Christ-child might bring me a Noah's ark.

“My throat is so sore ! will it ever be morning ?
Grandpa, dear, I should like to pray
That the Christ-child would come and make me better
And take this pain in my head away.”

The blue eyes close, but the lips are still moving,
And the little fingers are folded in prayer —
Till again he drops into the restless slumber,
And again the old man is watching him there ;

Till he rises to place in a little stocking
A few loving gifts for the Christmas morn ;
But, as he thinks, “will the little one need them ?”
The hot tears roll from his eyes forlorn.

And the hours go by, and out in the darkness
The chill white snow drops out of the sky,
Shrouding the world in a ghostly garment —
The dead, cold world—as the hours go by.

While up through the night to the throne of Heaven—
Up to the pitying Christ on high—
The angels have carried the old man's prayer
And the broken words of the child's weak cry.

The night is past and the clouds have vanished !
Cold and clear is the morning's light ;
But still the aged eyes are watching,
Dim with the shadows that haunt the night.

But the face of the sleeping boy is placid ;
The fever is gone. Will he waken to die ?
The sweet eyes open in tranquil beauty—
Their blue is as clear as the morning sky.

And "Grandpa, dear," said his thin, weak treble,
 "I thought my mamma was standing there;
 Her face was white, but her eyes were loving,
 And I'm sure 't was her hand touched my hair.

"And the pain went out of my head that minute
 And a pleasant feeling upon me fell;
 Grandpa, dear, did the Christ-child send her
 Out of Heaven to make me well?

"And now it is Christmas morning, isn't it?
 Is that the jingle of sleigh-bells? Hark!
 And there's my stocking!—Oh, see there, grandpa!
 The Christ-child remembered my Noah's ark."

They are tears of joy the old man is shedding,
 As his poor eyes blink in the rising sun,
 For the blessed gift of that Christmas morning—
 The precious life of the little one.

THE GYPSY FLOWER GIRL.

ED. L. McDOWELL.

This poem was written for "The Voice" and published April, 1887. While all rights are reserved, it has been kindly given to these pages. It affords one of the best elocutionary studies possible, and is eminently adapted for public recitation.

THE narration would interest you were it repeated in the most simple manner, but the gypsy girl tells her thrilling story so dramatically, that you are carried away to the Mediterranean's very shores. You climb with her to the eagle's nest far up the Sierra's slope; you sympathize with her in infatuation for Don Jose and her hatred of her rival; you see her in her strange encounter with the Afric lion, and almost hold your breath until all is over and she is safe. You know that, now, as she tells her story her heart is broken and her mind distraught, and are moved to keenest pity as she cries her roses and sings her little song.

The recitation becomes more effective if given in costume, with a pretty tambourine and a basket of roses. The dress is as follows:

Skirt, gathered very full, reaching half way below the knee, of dark blue material with border at the bottom, six inches deep, of pale lemon color ; blouse of white linen gathered full at front and back, sleeves starched very stiff, full at shoulder and wrist. Over the blouse is worn a pointed "peasant" waist of red velvet laced front and back with gold cord finished with tassels at the ends. The stockings are white, and when worn are wound about with dark blue ribbons, crossing front and back ; black morocco slippers with low heels ; a turban, entwined of gayly colored breadths of silk, is coiled about the head.

PRONUNCIATION.

Zingarella — Zeen-gah-ràil-yah.

Don Jose — Dōn Ōzā.

Egypta — A-jyp-tah.

Sierra Nevada's — Sē-èr-rah Na-vàh-dah.

Morena — Mo-rà-nah.

Malaga — Mähl-ah-gah.

Zhock — Shock.

Señorita — Sain-yore-è-tah.

Señor — Sain-yore.

Buy my roses señorita, you señor

You, fair Inglees maiden.

Seem to interrupt a person who is passing at the right, as you speak the first four words, giving slight emphasis on "buy," "roses," but greater on "señorita." Address the gentleman as if he were in the company of the lady, emphasizing "you," and pausing before uttering the next word, "señor," which is also emphatic.

You now turn to the left, as if a person were passing upon that side, extending left hand as you say "you ;" pause and with a slight bow and smile of admiration at the winsome beauty of the English girl, and say, with a confident, though a little pleading tone, "fair Inglees maiden," pausing slightly after "fair" and longer after "Inglees."

Sing, tambourine accompaniment playing in a listless way, as if you did not think of the instrument.

Not like the mountain rose with perfume laden,

Only tame roses with the morning blush gone,

Like wild Zingarella whose lover has flown,

The face assumes a serious tone and grows sadder as the little song goes on. When the last line is ended, you seem utterly lost in revery, and the expression is most pathetic. Some by-stander asks your name and this calls back your thoughts.

What is my name ?

Wild Zingarella.

Daughter of the Nevadas am I called.

Where was I born ?

Aloft and beyond the eagle's nest,

Far up in yon Sierra Nevadas.

"What is my name ?" Emphasize "what," pause a moment after; emphasize "Wild Zingarella," and draw yourself up with pride. "Daughter of the Nevadas," spoken as if this were a great honor; emphasize "daughter," "Nevadas." Some one asks, "Where were you born ?" And you repeat the question, "Where was I born ?" emphasizing "where," pausing after "where," and emphasizing "born." In giving the answer, "Aloft and beyond the eagle's nest," upon the first word direct the eye to right oblique, far up an imaginary cliff, pointing with right hand as you say, "and beyond the eagle's nest;" pause after "beyond," pronounce "eagle's nest" very distinctly (not "eagle snest"). Dwell on the words "Far up;" pause, speak "yon Sierra Nevada's" as if you actually see the mountains, and use gesture as if outlining them.

My childhood was a wild-cat life.

From early morn until the stars

Shone o'er the Mediterranean,

I nothing did but laugh, and sing, and dance with

My wild gypsy bell'd tambourine, and fling

Defiance in the face of death, and swing

Far out from cliffs and mountain peaks

Where sea gulls build and wild-cats shriek,—

Shrieks that my wild heart lov'd to hear,

Nor dreamed of such a thing as fear.

Take a conversational tone ; emphasize " childhood, wild-cat, life, early, morn, stars, shone, o'er, Mediterranean," pausing after " childhood, wild-cat, morn, o'er,"

The tone should now grow more sprightly. Give explosive emphasis indicating exultant joy in the remembrance on "laugh, sing, dance, wild, gypsy, bell'd, tambourine." "Defiance" is given with final stress and is very explosive; "swing" slightly emphatic; "far out" with swelling voice; staccato emphasis on "cliff, mountain peaks." Pause after "where," emphasize "sea gulls, build, wild-cat, shrieks." Be careful to sound the *h* in "shrieks." Give second "shrieks" louder than first with final stress and downward slide as "sh—rieks," the remainder of the line is read in an exultant tone.

Emphasize with falling slide "dreamed," "fear;" pause after "dreamed."

Fear?

Climbing to where the Sierras lift

Their snow-draped foreheads against the skies,

Then swing off and down on a swift snowdrift,

To where the summer queen reigns and the ice king dies.

"Fear?" compound stress. Run up an octave of surprise on the question. "Climbing" emphatic, (hold on to *ng*), strong emphasis on "Sierra's" and less on "where, lift, snow-draped, foreheads against skies." Gesture is given with full sweep of arm, hand pointing out or defining; eye corresponding. Pause after "then;" "swing off and down" with a free movement of voice; quicken time on "swift snowdrift."

Pause after "where, queen, king." Emphasize "where, summer, queen, reigns, ice king, dies."

Fear?

Hunting the leopard in dark sunless glades,

Whipping the tiger with my wild cat braids,

'Midst the innermost dangers that beset gypsy tribes,

Whose life is but strife and whose law is the knife,—

There was I born;

"Fear?" as before, though stronger, if possible. "Hunting," emphasize and hold on to *ng* a moment; "leopard" with emphasis, after which pause; lower pitch on prepositional phrase "dark, sunless glades," with emphasis upon each word. "Whipping," hold on to *ng*; "tiger" strong downward slide; emphasize "wild-cat, braids, dangers, beset, gypsy, tribes, life, strife, law, knife." "There" and "born" must be emphatic, followed by pause.

There lived I ;
 There was I named Zingarella.
 Then Don Jose came : he of the Sierra Morena tribe,
 And camped near the grape hills of old Malaga.
 Yes, Don Jose came ; and I, I, Zinga,
 Wild Zingarella fawned even at his feet.

Pause after "there" in first and second line ; emphasize "lived I, named Zingarella ;" pause after "named." "Don Jose" is spoken with pride ; "He of the Sierra Morena tribe," explanatory and given lower. Cumulative emphasis on "I, I, Zinga, wild Zingarella ;" drop voice and emphasize with falling inflection "fawned, even, feet."

But O when love is not returned,
 Meeting with looks but sternly kind,
 It turns the heart to fire—then ashes—
 And makes a ghost-walk of the mind.

"But O" with great pathos ; "when love is not returned," great falling slide on "returned." Clasp hands as if in despair. Emphasize "Meeting, looks, sternly, kind," with very sad tone, fiercely gasping the words "turns, heart, fire," strong emphasis on last word. Fall in pitch and pronounce "then ashes," "ghost-walk," slight aspirate ; end the line weeping, long pause filled with weeping, recover yourself impulsively and seem to throw off the present feeling as you go back in memory to the old infatuation for Don Jose.

In the kingly majesty of Don Jose's presence
 I stood as one entranced, bewildered, yet
 Joyously amazed at my too-fond heart's deep
 Bewilderment ; aye, as a broken-winged bird
 I fluttered at his feet.

Let kingly majesty be shown in your very attitude as in pride and love you pronounce the first line. "I stood" slightly emphatic ; pronounce "entranced" as if lost in adoring admiration ; "bewildered" in a dazed and puzzled way ; "Joyously amazed," great swell of voice with victorious utterance, while indescribable feeling in tone and force is given on "too-fond, heart's ;" on "deep bewilderment" you seem slightly confused. "Aye," distinct fall-

ing emphasis; "as a broken-winged bird," pathetically; it is tender and low in pitch; "fluttered at his feet" spoken very gently, but as if it were a joy and honor to occupy that lowly position.

Then Egypta came—she of the proud Cordova tribe,
And camped on the slopes above the roar of the sea.
Egypta came and dared to come between my love and me.
She stood before my king, my idol, my adored, with
Imperious brow and mocking airs; she dared to stand
Before him with her enchanting, snaky eyes aglow.
Unabashed, defiant and unawed she stood,
And—and—and Don Jose's heart and head—
O I cannot, cannot tell the rest.
There at the foot of yon mountain-pass,
Don Jose met Egypta.

The whole attitude now changes. With erect form, flashing eye and distinct voice, slightly tinged with the hatred she feels, she says, "Then [pause] Egypta [pause] came." "She" is fairly hissed, and the pause which follows is filled with the expression of concentrated though suppressed hate; it is shown by deep and rapid breathing, flashing eyes under lowered lid, head slightly moving from side to side, teeth set. "Proud Cordova tribe" in strong, full tone, with a curl of scorn upon the lips.

"Camped upon the slopes above the roar of the sea," is simply descriptive with gesture of the eye and hand. "Egypta came," first very emphatic, explosive force, downward slide, pause after each word. The name is pronounced as if you would like to tear your rival limb from limb. A long pause follows, "and dared" is spoken with menacing look, "to come between my love and me." Upon the last the voice sinks and is tenderly sad; you rouse yourself; your scorn returns as you say, "She stood before," then the voice falls to a low, worshipful tone upon "my idol," swelling out on "my adored;" then gathering up your hate, you say "with imperious brow and mocking airs," giving supreme scorn on "mocking," "she dared [explosively spoken] to stand before him." "Enchanting, snaky eyes" is hissed through set teeth, while "unabashed, defiant, unawed" is given with proud hate. "And—and" is given as if with the wail of a broken heart, with fast-falling tears and choking voice. "Oh I cannot, cannot tell the rest," you pause, overcome by emotion, then summing up your strength you rally, and go on

with the description, pointing in the direction indicated, you say "There [pause] at the foot [pause] of yon mountain-pass;" "met Egypta," last two words are given slowly but distinctly.

There she stole my lover from me ;
There she palmed her faith into his soul ;
She practiced on Don Jose's palms and read
His fate as foreordained with hers.
She forged him tales of their twin destinies,
Till Jose's soul was at her feet,
His every thought her slave.
Thus wooed they.

The first line is spoken while burning tears are falling, but all the jealous hate returns as she goes on. "She practiced on Don Jose's palms," there should be a pause filled up with scorn after "she."

"She forged him tales" is hissed from shut teeth, but the tone falls, as if in very pity for the captive, as the words are spoken "till Jose's soul was at her feet, his every thought her slave." "Thus wooed they" is simply discriptive.

One dark and starless storm-portending night
I, with my faithful Afric lion,
Sought forgetfulness in the mountains ;
Sought in vain to cool my feverish, burning blood.
A sudden flame of lightning startled me, frightened
My soul with a sense that I had wandered too near
The purple cliffs of Malaga, too near the spot I hated most
And prayed to keep most distant from.

Change to heavier force and emphasize "dark, starless, storm-portending, night, I, faithful, Afric lion;" lower the voice on "sought, forgetfulness, mountains;" "sought" and "vain" are given with falling slide; "cool" with a swell of voice; on "feverish" dwell on first syllable; speak "burning" fiercely. Quicken time on "sudden flame of lightning." "Startled" should be spoken tremulously and slightly aspirated; "frightened" with stronger tremor. "Soul, sense, I, had wandered too near, cliffs, Malaga, too near, spot hated [express hate], prayed, [plaintive coloring of tone] to, keep, most distant, from," are all emphatic.

My Zhock, my faithful Afric lion, my childhood's
Faithful lover and trusty, true and only friend ;
My faithful Zhock —
Whose native fierce and fiery nature seemed
Now most like my own — was at my side.
Thrice as we moved along the slope
Had Zhock growled hard, and snapped his glittering teeth,
And crouched as t'were to spring ;
And thrice had I as fiercely, yet more silently,
Warned him back and down.
But when I heard Egypta's cursed kiss,
And saw her snaky, coiling arms around
Don Jose's neck,
And heard him swear by Egypta's gods
That he was hers alone,—
“ Sic, sic ! upon them, Zhock ! ” I cried,
With all my wild-cat nature
Boiling, seething, hissing hot
Through all my veins,—
Hissing through my lips and brain.
“ Sic, sic ! upon them Zhock ! ” I cried ;
And urged my Afric lion on.

“ My Zhock, my faithful Afric lion, childhood's faithful lover, trusty, true, only friend,” all given as if loving to dwell upon the words descriptive of “ *My faithful Zhock*.” As his “ native, fierce, fiery nature, most like my own ” is described, the voice gains strength and the attitude becomes commanding. With “ as we moved along the slope,” glide a little to one side, as if stepping cautiously, or make the descriptive movement with the hand. “ Growled hard ” is spoken with a distinct guttural voice ; “ snapped ” is spoken quickly, indicative of the word ; at “ crouched ” cower slightly. “ As t'were to spring,” is spoken rapidly ; “ Thrice had I warned him back and down ” is spoken low, but with much force. “ But when I heard Egypta's cursed kiss, and saw her snaky, coiling arms around Don Jose's neck,” is spoken with the utmost extreme of murderous hate. Until now the gypsy girl has not ceased to love and pity Don Jose, believing him to be the dupe of her rival's wiles ; but as she hears him “ swear by Egypta's gods that he was hers alone,—” like a

mighty avalanche her hate burst forth. With glaring eyes she leans far over the cliff, and pointing downward gives her word of command to the fierce beast who has been trained to obey her every word and look. "S——ic! s——ic!" Clap hands strongly upon these exclamations; point with a vigorous movement toward the lovers, "upon them Zhock." The lion obeys; he scarcely needs the second command.

The thund'rous heavens now stormed
And lightnings flashed;
But storm nor thunder peals were aught
To the roar of my kingly lion,
Or the flashing, blazing eyes of that defiant, god-like man.

With full gesture and stirring voice the storm is described, and the words are most exultingly spoken, "But storm nor thunder peals were aught to the roar of my kingly lion." In the words "Or the flashing, blazing eyes of that defiant, god-like man," it must be shown that her admiration has returned.

Don Jose's long stiletto flashed athwart
The lightning's lurid gleams.
Thus armed, he stood covering Egypta with his left,
His right well-sinewed arm upheld and daggered.
Thus armed, he stood sternly waiting the attack.
Zhock sprang and bore Don Jose to the ground.

The stiletto is in Don Jose's strong, right hand, while with his left he guards Egypta from the attack, a moment more and the lion has borne him to the ground.

"Back Zhock! back Zhock! back to thy mistress, back!"
In vain I cried, I cried in vain.
Through the glare of the storm —
Lo! Egypta has seized Don Jose's dirk;
Quickly it falls across my Afric lion's eyes.
Zhock reluctantly relaxes his weakened hold
And sneaks away with hurt, blood-blinded eyes.
Now Don Jose and Egypta fly toward the sea.
Thank heaven they reach the cliffs — now disappear.

Then show that all her love has returned, and vengeance on her rival is forgotten as she sees Don Jose's peril. With all her voice she madly cries: "Back Zhock! back Zhock! back to thy mistress, back!" The command is given in loud, explosive tones. "In vain, I cried, I cried in vain" is given pathetically with distinct falling on "vain" in both instances. She is even glad when she sees that Egypta has seized the dirk and has struck the lion between the eyes, for now the beast gives up the fight, and Don Jose and Egypta climb the cliff and disappear.

The hands should be clasped as she sees the flying pair go up the cliff—and a frenzy of joy seems to be reached when they are safe.

"Help! why Zhock, how you startled me;
 Why Zhock, how you glare, how you stare!
 Down! shame, shame,"—Ha! I know now, Zhock is mad!
 Help! God of the Christians!
 Hungry with the taste of Don Jose's blood
 My Afric lion now returns eager for mine own.
 Where shall I flee?

You will find a difficult study in what follows. The bleeding lion returns to his mistress, but not now her playful fellow, her faithful servant. "Help!" she cries wildly, "Zhock, how you startled me" in a reassuring tone; "Zhock, how you glare, how you stare!" here fear has reached the wildest state, but by a mighty force of will she conceals her terror, and drawing herself to most commanding figure she cries, "Down! shame! shame!" (Imagine the attitude and assume it.) She looks the lion in the eye, but he does not quail, and then she knows that he is mad. "Help, God of the Christians," she cries loudly.

"Hungry with the taste of Don Jose's blood my Afric lion now returns eager for mine own" is spoken rapidly, with husky, choking voice.

"Back, down! sic! upon *them* Zhock —
 Yonder Zhock, down by the sea.
 Zhock, how dare you! peace, Zhock.
 I am wild Zingarella, thy mistress, fair boy,
 Down, back, away! down! down!"

Life is dear to her and she endeavors to call off the hungry beast and send him after his escaping victims. "Back! down! upon

them Zhock ! Yonder Zhock, down by the sea." In vain her command; then she pleads, "I am wild Zingarella, thy mistress."

I feel his thorny claws around my neck,
His hot breath on my throat.
Thrice with my stiletto do I cut the monster down.
Backward toward the cliffs of Malaga
I fight my horrible way.
I near the cliffs, keeping the frenzied beast at bay,
Backwardly fighting, parrying, evading,
With supernatural strength I hold
The treacherous wretch at bay.

"I feel his thorny claws around my neck," gesture is given with right hand on the throat, as if to clutch it—in a terrible whisper you say the words "His hot breath on my throat." With her eye upon his eye beating him back at every step, "parrying, evading," she makes her way backward toward the cliff. Make a movement as if going back, and seem to fight your way; the action can scarcely be overdone.

At length I reach the cliffs.
Twice, thrice my good steel pierces
The raging, foaming lion's side ;
Then with a prayer to the Christian's God,
I plunge far down in the roaring tide.
Zhock's eyes like crackling gypsy camp-fires shine ;
Or as twin danger signals, out on the sea.
With a roar of rage far out he leaps.
But the Christian's God was kind to me,
For e'en as Zhock sprang some hunter's gun spake
And Zhock from the sea will never awake.

"At length [pause] I reach the cliffs," explosive force is given on "twice, thrice, steel pierces, raging, foaming lion's side."

"Then with a prayer," modulated voice, clasped hands and up-turned eyes; "I plunge," falling inflection; "with a roar of rage," increased emphasis; "far out," dwell upon the words; "he leaps" is spoken quickly with a short pause after "he;" "but the Christian's God was kind to me" is spoken with gentle voice and a sad smile.

That was the day my wild spirit fled.
 See, these roses bear the stains
 Of the deep wounds which bled.
 Oft my brain grows wild and my tame body shrinks
 'Neath the terrible glare of Zhock's eyes—there !
 Methinks I see them again—see there, see, see, how he blinks.
 Now he smacks his blood-dripping hunger-set jaws—
 Now he tenses his muscles till his uncovered claws
 Spread out and scratch fire from the flint-surfaced rocks.
 Now he springs—boom ! boom ! goes the gun. I am saved !
 I am free !
 And Zingarella, wild Zinga is fished out of the sea.

In recounting the story, Zingarella's mind wanders, and she goes over the terrible scene again in memory. The last line is given very exultingly.

Try and work up your imagination to the point where full justice is given the last dozen lines. Cry the roses as at the beginning.

So now buy my flowers, tame flowers, sweet maiden.

Sing very plaintively :

Not like the mountain rose with perfume laden,
 Only tame roses with the morning blush gone,
 Like wild Zingarella whose lover has flown.

This grand recitation will repay your trouble, if you give months to the study of it.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

(Recitation for a child.)

SAID the first little chicken
 With a queer little squirm,
 " O, I wish I could find
 A fat little worm ! "

Said the next little chicken
With an odd little shrug,
"O, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!

Said the fourth little chicken
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken
With a faint little moan,
"O, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch!"

HE PAYS LICENSE ON A DOG.

"I LIKE to ask you if dere vhas some license to keep a dog?" inquired Mr. Dunder as he carefully tip-toed into the presence of Sergt. Bendall yesterday.

"Yes, sir, there is."

"Who gets him?"

"You have to go up stairs to the office of the City Clerk."

"Doan' somepody come to me after him?"

"No, sir."

"Vhell, dot vhas curious. Last week Shake goes oudt mit Mt. Glemens to see his aunt, und he prings home a dog. Me keep him tied oop mit der pack yard, und he vhas home only one day when a man walks into my blace und says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. He like to got that license money on Shake's dog. Der regular price vhas one dollar, but he make it seex shillings because it vhas hardt times."

"And you paid?"

"Vhell, I doan' like to haf dot dog kildt, you see? Eaferybody says he vhas sooch a dog ash shmells some tiger or lion two miles avhay. Next day a stranger comes in mit a shmall pook in his hand und a pencil oafers his ear. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. He like to got dot license on Shake's dog. If I paid him to sompody else dot vhas nothings mit him. He vhas a frendt to Shake, howefer, und he make it feefty cents."

"And you paid that?"

"Vhell, Sergeant, dot vhas a good dog. If some burglars vhas a mile avhay he howls und wakes us oop und saves us two tousand dollar. Dis morning a stranger comes in. He haf some badge on. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. He like to got dot license on Shake's dog. If I pay sompody else I vhas a fool. Nopody can collect dot license onless he haf dot badge on. Being ash I vhas shwindled he make it twenty-five cents."

"And you were fool enough to pay?"

"Vhell, Sergeant, I pays taxes in two wards, und I vhas headquarters for campaign clubs. Dot dog vhas great on coons und elephants. Vhas it some shwindle on me?"

"Certainly it was! You ought to be sent to an asylum!"

"Sergeant, look at my eye, und doan' you forget him! I vhas going home. Sompody vhill come in. Vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right. Sergeant, I shall shump on dot person like a sparrow on an elephant. I vhill preak him in two und drag him aroundt und bang his headt mit dem floor until der Coroner finds only one ear und a shirt-button to hold an inquest on! Good pye! After I vhas in shail come und see me sometimes, for I vhas an honest man who haf to defend my family."

GIVE ME BACK MY BOY.

JASPER GARNET.

HE was handsome, kind and gentle,
And his eyes were dark and large,
And his infant years were lovely,
When God gave him to my charge,
And in his riper boyhood,
He spurned the mean and low ;
His eyes would droop in sadness
At the tale of other's woe.
To me, he was perfection,
And of my heart the joy !
Oh, Dean of Cards and Billiards,
I ask you for my boy !

His gentle arm would clasp me,
When a sorrow wrung my heart ;
In the slightest grief of Mother
He would always share the part.
If my path was sad and lonely
He was ever by my side,—
And I kneeling dared the future,
With such a stay and guide.
Of early youth the blossom,—
Was grace without alloy !
Oh, Haunt of Rum and Ruin,
Give back, give back, my boy !

The witching ways of Fashion
Were spread before his view,
And bade his gentle spirit
Those doubtful ways pursue.
Oh, wicked world that tempted
His heart from mother's love,

Send back, send back, your victim !
 Nor dare his ruin prove !
 I can mend his broken spirit,
 Can cleanse his dark alloy —
 I better know his merit —
 God — give me back my boy !

PLIGHTED. A. D. 1887.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

“Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one.”

NELLIE *loquitur*.

BLESS my heart ! You're come at last.
 Awful glad to see you, dear !
 Thought you'd died or something, Belle—
Such an age since you've been here !
 My engagement ? Gracious ! Yes.
 Rumor's hit the mark this time,
 And the victim ? Charley Gray,
 Know him, don't you ? Well, he's *prime*.
 Such mustachios ! Splendid style !
 Then he's not so horrid fast —
 Waltzes like a seraph, too,
 Has some fortune — best and last.
 Love him ? Nonsense. Don't be “soft.”
 Pretty much as love now goes ;
 He's devoted, and in time
 I'll get used to him, I's'pose.
 First love ? Humbug. Don't talk stuff.
 Bella Brown, don't be a fool !
 Next you'll rave of flames and darts
 Like a chit at boarding-school.
 Don't be “miffed,” I talked just so
 Some two years back. Fact, my dear !

But two seasons kill romance,
Leave one's views of life quite clear.
Why, if Will Latrobe had asked
When he left, two years ago,
I'd have thrown up all and gone
Out to Kansas, do you know?
Fancy me a settler's wife!
Blest escape, dear, was it not?
Yes, its hardly in my line
To enact "Love in a Cot."
Well, you see, I'd had my swing,
Been engaged to eight or ten;
Got to stop some time of course,
So it don't much matter when.
Auntie hates old maids, and thinks
Every girl should marry young—
On that theme my whole life long
I have heard the changes rung!
So, *ma belle*, what could I do?
Charley wants a stylish wife,
We'll suit well enough, no fear,
When we settle down for life.
But for love—stuff! See my ring?
Lovely, isn't it? Solitaire.
Nearly made Maude Hinton turn
Green with envy and despair,
Her's aint half so nice, you see—
Did I write you, Belle, about
How she tried for Charley, till
I sailed in and cut her out?
Now she's taken Jack McBride,
I believe it's all from pique—
Threw him over once you know,—
Hates me so she'll scarcely speak.
O yes! Grace church, and all that,
Pa won't mind expense at last,

I'll be off his hands for good ;
Cost a fortune two years past.
My trousseau shall outdo Maude's,
I've *carte blanche* from Pa, you know ;
Mean to have my dress from Worth !
Won't she just be *raving* though ?

THE CHILDREN OF THE BONNET ROUGE.

VICTOR HUGO.

DURING the last days of May, 1793, one of the Parisian regiments, thrown into Brittany by Santerre, reconnoitered the dreaded wood of La Saudraie in Astillé. There were not more than three hundred men, for the battalion had been well nigh swept off by this war.

The forest of La Saudraie was tragic. The list of murders that had been committed there was enough to make one's hair stand on end. There was no place more to be dreaded. The soldiers moved cautiously forward. The depths were full of flowers ; on each side was a trembling wall of branches and dew-wet leaves. Here and there rays of sunlight pierced the green shadows. The soldiers advanced in silence, step by step, pushing the brushwood softly aside. The birds twittered above the bayonets.

Thirty grenadiers, detached as scouts, and commanded by a sergeant, marched at a considerable distance in front. The *vivandière* accompanied them. Suddenly the soldiers of the party started like hunters who have neared the hiding-place of their prey. They had heard something like breathing from the centre of the thicket. In less than a minute the place was surrounded. The soldiers waited for their sergeant's order. When he was about to cry, "Fire," the *vivandière* cried, "Halt, don't fire comrades." She plunged into the thicket ; the men followed. There was, in truth, some one there.

In the thickest brake was a kind of a chamber of foliage; a woman was seated on the moss, holding to her breast a babe, while the fair heads of two sleeping children rested on her knees.

"What are you doing here, you?" cried the vivandière. "Are you mad — a little more and you would have been blown to pieces." To the soldiers, "It is a woman." "Well, that is plain to be seen," said a grenadier. The woman stunned, petrified with fear, looked about like one in a dream. She was dumb with terror. "Do not be afraid; we are the battalion of the Bonnet Rouge. Who are you, madam?" said the sergeant.

The woman scanned him terrified. She was slender, young, pale and in rags. Her feet, shoeless and stockingless, were bleeding.

"What is your name?"

"Michelle Flechard."

"Have you a home?"

"I had one."

"Why are you not in it?"

"Because they burnt it."

"Who?"

"I do not know, a battle."

"What party do you belong to?"

"I don't know."

"Are you Blues or Whites? Who are you with?"

"I am with my children."

"What are they called?"

"Georgette, Renè and Alain."

"And your husband—what has become of him?"

"They killed him in the hedge, three days ago."

"Who, was it a Blue or was it a White?"

"It was a bullet."

"What have you been doing since?"

"I bear away my children."

"Where do you sleep?"

"On the ground."

"What do you eat?"

"Nothing."

The soldiers made a circle around this group of misery. A widow, three orphans, flight, abandonment, solitude, war muttering around the horizon, hunger, thirst, no other nourishment than the herbs of the field, no other roof than that of heaven.

The sergeant raised his head and they saw tears trickle down his face. "Comrades, from all this I conclude the regiment is to become a father. Is it agreed?"

"Hurrah," chorused the grenadiers.

"Then it is decided. Behold the children of the Bonnet Rouge!"

Some days later this gallant band of Blues was attacked by an army of seven thousand Whites, under the command of the Marquis of Lantenae, and every soldier to a man was sacrificed, even the vivandières shared the same fate. Michelle Flechard was not killed outright, but she had a wound in her shoulder-blade—one in her breast—a ball had broken her collar-bone. A peasant found her, and nursed her back to life. Her first thought was for her babes. "My children. Where are they? When can I go away from here? You understand I cannot rest like this. You never had any children, had you? And I—I had nothing beside them. What am I without my children? I am going to look for them. Where are they? La Tourgue."

The dauntless mother's heart knew no distance. She walked day and night, she begged, she ate herbs, she lay on the ground under the stars, sometimes in wind and rain. She wandered from farm to farm, from village to village. She stopped on the threshold of peasants' cots. Shoeless, stockingless, she pressed on with bleeding feet. She crossed the tracks of war, among gunshots, hearing nothing, seeing nothing—seeking her children.

The little ones had been carried by order of Lantenae to the famous fortress of the Middle Ages, La Tourgue. It was almost impregnable. A lofty tower of six stories, pierced here and there with loop holes, having for entrance and egress a single door of iron. Behind the tower a forest. Beneath, a deep, narrow ravine full of brushwood. This is the Tower of La Tourgue, and in its top-most room are the children of Michelle Flechard. Beneath in the lowest room are all the men left to the Marquis—they number nineteen.

They are besieged. A price is put upon the head of Lantenae. The cry of "No mercy — no quarter" is heard without from the lips of the Blues. The Whites within echo the cry, with defiance. Nineteen men—three children are in the jaws of death. Such an attack, such consequences cannot be told. It is a day of blood. Nineteen against four thousand. The Marquis alone escapes. He makes his way through the secret door, but he is not far distant, only on the edge of the forest, hidden among the brambles.

He hears a terrible cry over his head. He raises his eyes. He does not move.

The cry comes from Michelle, she whom we left seeking her children. She had walked for many days. Had there been anyone near he might have heard her ceaselessly murmur, "La Tourgue." Except the names of the children this word was all she knew. Suddenly as she is journeying onward, a lofty tower starts up on the extreme edge of the horizon. She walks on toward it. She is more than a league away, but she walks on. She sees the massive pile grow slowly. A great blackness shuts out every object. A cloud of smoke sweeps between her and the pile she is watching. She closes her eyes and has scarcely done so when a great light reddens her eyelids. She watches the beginning of a conflagration. From black the smoke becomes scarlet, filled with a mighty flame which appears and disappears, writhing and twisting in serpentine coils. A wind sweeps up and bursts the curtain of smoke. The appalling illumination shows her every detail of the ancient keep. She utters a cry — she sees her children. It is this that reaches the ears of the Marquis of Lantenae. Looking up from the edge of the plateau he sees the haggard, anguish-stricken face of the woman. She is appalling in her agony. She moans like a wild beast. Her eyes shoot lightning through her tears. Her voice flings its echoes down upon his head.

"Ah my God, my children! Those are my children. Help! Fire, fire, fire! Oh you brigands! My children are burning up! Help! help!"

The whole camp rush out. What is to be done! Only a few buckets of water can be drained from the half-dried brook in the

ravine. The consternation increases. What they see is terrible. They gaze and can do nothing. The mother is still shrieking.

"Fire! I say fire! They are burning up my children. Oh, the days and days I have hunted them, and this is where I find them. They shot me. They are burning my little ones. Help! help! Have pity on me. I must have my children. God of mercy, give me my children."

Voices rise. One calls for a ladder.

"There is no ladder."

"Water."

"There is no water."

"Up yonder—in the tower—in the second story, there is a door."

"It is iron."

"Break it in."

"Impossible."

In the interval between the clamors the triumphant crackling of the flames is heard. The Marquis hears all. He puts his hand to his pocket; the key to the iron door is there. To turn back is captivity—death—he is a soldier, he is a man.

He stoops beneath the vault through which he escaped and turns back. He holds a large key in his hand; he casts a haughty glance at the sappers and walks straight to the iron door. He puts the key in the lock—the iron creaks—the door opens and reveals a gulf of flame. The Marquis enters with firm step and head erect. The men stand petrified with astonishment. It is indeed the Lantenae. The conflagration has not yet entered the room where the children are. They are pleased with the light. "Pretty," says Georgette—"Me warm."

"I am too warm. It burns," says Renè. Then he sees his mother. "Come here, mamma." "Tum m'ma," repeats Georgette.

"Mercy, mercy," cries the mother. They can hear the little ones' voices, "Mamma, mamma." Suddenly at the casement near that where the children stand, a tall form appears against a crimson background of the flames. Every head is raised; every eye is fixed. A man is in the library—in the furnace. The face shows black against the flames. They can see the white hair of the Marquis. The

indomitable old man stands at the window, and is shoving out an enormous ladder. He holds it by one end and with the marvelous agility of an athlete he slips out of the casement, and slides along the wall toward the ravine. The ladder settles in place. Twenty men rush up, the Marquis disappears and reappears bearing a child in his arms, it is Gros Alain. "I am afraid," the little one cries. He is passed from one soldier to another. Next Renè Jean. The Marquis goes back into the chamber now filled with flames. Georgette is alone.

He goes to her. She smiles and the man of granite feels his eyelids moisten. "What is your name?" "Orgette" says she. He takes her in his arms and she in turn descends from man to man until the ground is reached.

The mother is mad, intoxicated by the change; flung without transition from hell to paradise, she covers her babes with frantic kisses, bursts into a wild laugh and faints.

The soldiers are exultant, they clap their hands, they leap. The old grenadiers sob, and the Marquis of Lantenae from the grim warrior, calm and haughty, is transfigured into an angel of mercy.

THE STONE-CUTTER.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

Perhaps the best-known poem of this author is "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

THERE dwelt in far Japan,
 Long ages since, a man
 Who earned, by hammering stone, his daily food —
 But discontent and dole
 Lay heavy on his soul,
 Which craved great riches as the only good.

And so the gods on high,
 Who sometimes bitterly
 Punish a man by granting all his prayers,

Gave him a mine of gold,
And lands to have and hold,
And, by and by, breed feuds among his heirs.

But soon he, murmuring,
Desired to be a king ;
To reign and rule — ah, that were perfect bliss !
He wearied earth and air
With his incessant prayer
Until the gods indulged him, even in this.

His courtiers fawned and lied,
And rival powers, outside
His realm, assailed his peace with fierce debate,
And heaviness and care
Bleached gray his youthful hair,
And made him weary of his regal state.

“ Oh, change me to a rock ! ”
He cried, “ that no rude shock
Can stir, nor any strife disturb or shake ! ”
And lo ! he stood, ere long,
A boulder, fixed and strong,
Which torrents could not move, nor tempests break.

In vain the burning heat
Of fiercest sunshine beat
Upon his head ; in vain the storm-wind smote
His rugged sides ; in vain
Great rivers, swoln by rain,
Came roaring from their mountain caves remote.

He was at rest ; and he
Rejoiced exceedingly,
Saying, “ No more for me, oh, sweet release !
Will there be change and woe,
And wavering to and fro —
Since I am fixed in an eternal peace ! ”

But on a summer day
A workman brought that way
A hammer and a chisel — these alone.
He measured here and there,
And then, with patient care,
Began to cut away the stubborn stone.

“Ah ! ” said the boulder-king,
“What means this wondrous thing ?
This plodding workman smites and conquers me !
He cuts, as suits him best,
Huge blocks from out my breast —
He is more strong than I ! Would I were he ! ”

And lo, the powers aloft,
Who had so long and oft
Laughed at his follies, craved and then outgrown,
Again his pleading heard ;
He, taken at his word,
Became once more a hammerer of stone !

So, wiser than before
And asking nothing more,
Again about his olden toil he went ;
Until he died from age
He toiled for scanty wage,
Nor ever spake a word of discontent !

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

I N the hour of peril Liberty called for defenders. She said to the mother, give me your son, the pride of your heart, the solace of your declining years. She said to the wife, give me your husband, honored and loved of your soul. She said to the maiden, give me

your lover, on whom all your hope of future joy depends. The mother, the wife, and the maiden, bowed to the demand, and with breaking hearts, through tears of agony saw their loved ones depart into the sulphur-clouds, which, ominous as the black pall of a cyclone, darkened the horizon and rolled in thundergust to the zenith.

The years passed heavily, but we knew they were there somewhere between us and the foe, for the thunders never slackened, the lightnings never ceased, and the hoarse murmur of the conflict came upon the Southern gale. There were reports of great battles lost, and the pitying heavens looked down on thousands and ten thousands of the slain. Battles lost, but we lost no hope or courage. The soldiers in the field, beaten back, retreating, were not conquered. We heard of battles won, and from rocky Maine to the Golden Gate the cannon boomed the glad tidings, and strong men grasped each others' hands, not ashamed of the tremor of voice and moistened eye. The sky darkened. The enemy in the field, treason at home, the sympathy of foreign nations, incapacity of commanding officers, and mistakes and blunders far worse than crimes, disheartened the lover of his country. Yet the divine purpose expressed itself superior to human design, and wrote a shining page of civilization's history. The soldier marches in the van of human progress, and his sword makes possible the plowing of harvest fields.

THE SENATOR'S GRANDMOTHER.

PATIENCE STAPLETON.

Author of "The Major's Christmas" and "Jean McClure."

"B'LIEVE I met ye on the keers. Jones yer name?
S'prised ye knowed me; I don't feel quite the same
In city toggery. Yer wonder why I came
Here from Texas, travelin' night an' day?
Look there, the old lady glarncin' this way.

"She's wavin' her umbrel, big smile on her face;
Guess she's some set back, seein' me in this place.

Eyes bright, cheeks pink, mighty little trace
She bears of ninety years. Don't she set up straight?
'Fraid she'll spile that silk gown, I calkerlate.

"While waitin' fur the Senator, down there
Ter make his speech — him with the yaller hair —
He's from my town; if the bosses don't care
If I talk in this Senate chamber, I'd tell
Ye their hist'ry. Ye'd like ter hear it right well?

"Ye've seen the Rockies; them quiet peaks where snow
Lies year 'round — all hid in misty blue an' b'low
The foothills brown. Grand as most mount'ins go!
Them gold-hearted mount'ins weepin' silver tears
Like a magnet draws steel, drew us old pioneers.

"Though I was a '49er, once again
I set out, jined a long emigrant train
Bound fur Colorado — 'way across the plain.
She wa' with 'em; our teams fell some behind
She drivin' her oxen, man-like but more kind.

"She told me, secret-like, she'd come out West
Ter find her son. My 'pinion wan't the best
Of sich as him, but this I never confessed.
She'd ask about my life; sayin' sorter sad:
'Did ye see my Phil?' I used ter wish I had.

"But the world is wide. I knowed it couldn't be,
Still I talked of Cal'forny, till it wore on me
Drorin' mind pictures of all the men I see,
She'd shake her head, her eyes with tears 'ud fill —
'Pears like none of 'em makes me see my Phil.'

"The sun was fiery red; the sand burnt our feet;
Men an' animals alike dropped dead from the heat.
She nursed all the sick, mother-like and sweet.
Nights in that barren land, when I was alone
She'd come ter my tent ter talk ter me of home.

"Picturin' the old house, the lilacs by the door.
The graves in the medder she'd see nevermore —
Though she kep' up brave, I see her heart was sore.
Patient she searched in many a mining camp
Then she come ter me, worn with her weary tramp.

"The one woman in the camp, she didn't care ;
Prim an' old-fashioned, as ye see her there.
Kind an' helpful — the sort o' goods that wear.
Singin' hymns o' Sundays, in a low, sweet voice —
'I Would Not Live Alway,' that was her choice.

"There was up the mount'in an old pioneer tough.
Grizzly Bill, the scout. Grizzly he were enough,
With his bloodshot eyes and long, gray beard rough.
He'd come down the mount'in, Sunday afternoons,
Ridin' like a devil, jest ter hear them toons.

"Jack Bean was his pard ; one Sunday he wan't found,
An' we calkerlated had been shoved under ground,
'Count o' Bill's wantin' ter be the boss around.
Bill wan't popular ; the end ye kin see ;
We thort he'd improve at some hight on a tree.

"We kep' it still an' come on him by s'prise ;
Like all sich villains he told a mess o' lies.
He silenced, though, when he see death in our eyes.
'I Would Not Live Alway,' her favorite lines,
Follered us lynchers up under the pines.

"Bill coughed, husky-like, 'Boys, one last thing :
'Take me back ter camp, jest ter hear her sing —
Ever through eternity them words will ring.'
We was mussiful an' took him nigh her hut,
Him bein' bound so he couldn't poss'bly cut.

"'I Would Not Live Alway,' she quavered. Then
With a great convulsion he bust from the men,
Breakin' stout ropes as if paper they'd been.

He rushed in the hut, then we heerd a cry —
Wakin' or sleepin', I'll hear till I die.

“Grizzly Bill, Bearded Terror of the West,
Knelt in that hut, his head on his mother's breast.
It calmed us, somehow. Yer won't believe the rest.
But in a back room, layin' on a bunk,
Was Jack Bean, the missin', sleepin' off a drunk.

“He fell by her door; she, with kindly care,
Helped him ter her house, out of the night air.
I kinder think that Providence sent us there.
Bill made a strike soon, then he quit the life,
Went ter Texas, where he'd a child and wife.

“That there's Bill. Purty stout, with beard of snow,
Rich, fine-lookin' man, as pioneers go.
That's his wife on the left; the son ye know —
There he gets up, the light haired man, ye see,
Young fur Senator, but smart as he can be.

“His grandmother; how proud she sets, an' still;
I'll bet she furgets an' thinks 'tis 'little Phil,'
The lad she lost, not the worn, grizzly Bill.
Wal, its wuth my trip, hearin' him do so well;
Senate ain't fur from White House, I've hearn tell.”

THE BONNY WEE HOOSE.

WILLIAM LYLE.

It is a good exercise for pupils to translate a selection in dialect, like this, into English. Nearly all the Scotch words here given are found in Webster's Dictionary.

N^{AE} palace hae I wi' gilded ha's,
Nae shinin' an' picture-panelled wa's.

Gran' marble pillars, an' sculptures rare —
That some folks pride in — ye'll no' find there ;
An' yet there's a sweetness a' its ain,
In that wee hoose wi' the threshold plain —
The bonny wee hoose whilk nae ane sees —
The dear auld biggin aneath the trees.

Noo stay, let me tell ye a' whas there —
There's love, there's content, a canny pair,
An' twa braw bairnies, guid soncy chiels,
Wha ne'er let grasses grow at their heels,
An' syne, there's the mither — bless her name
Her presence aye mak's the hoose a hame —
That bonny wee hoose, whilk nae ane sees
Hidin' itsel' neath the chestnut trees.

I sometimes gang oot the warl' tae see,
But little grows there that pleases me.
There's plenty o' noise, an' senseless strife,
But no muckle love — the spice o' life.
Like a hounded hare on some strange track,
I think on my hame, an' sune rin back
Tae that wee hoosie, whilk nae ane sees —
Simple an' silent under the trees.

Thank God for the hoose, an' a' that's there —
The kindly smile, an' the honest prayer,
An' when we seek that far awa' lan',
Whaur mansions wait us no made wi' han',
We'll leave warm blessin's mixed wi' oor tears
Whaur we've been sae happy a' oor years —
On that wee hoosie, whilk nae ane sees —
Sittin' sae modest under the trees.

DECORATION DAY.

DR E. P. THWING.

The following tribute was paid the speaker by a morning paper: "The delivery was the impersonification of eloquence bubbling up from a true patriot's heart — clear and sparkling as the waters of a running brook, and as harmoniously ringing as chimes to a marriage feast."

THE tender and beautiful floral service of this Memorial Day is completed. We have marched with muffled drum and plaintive music to the graves of our dead soldiers and strown them with rose and lily, with violet and evergreen. The westering sun lingered lovingly on these purple mountains that stand like sentinels to guard the dust of the brave who have bled in defence of our land and our liberties. We are now gathered, as the evening lamps are lighted, to repeat in song and story those deeds of the departed which have enshrined their names in our grateful memory, and to deepen those noble, patriotic impulses, which were the source and inspiration of their heroic lives.

"Wave the flag once more before my eyes!" said a dying color-bearer as he found himself sinking into the last sleep. "The dear old flag never touched the ground," said another soldier sinking on the ramparts of Wagner. To them the starry folds of the bunting they bore were an emblem of an undivided country, a symbol of glory and honor dearer to them than life itself. Such is the inspiring influence of intelligent, heroic loyalty. It is far nobler than mere physical hardihood, purer than the selfish sentiment of personal friendship, and therefore a more enduring and transforming power. Keep, then, the flag of the nation waving before our eyes; in other words, make conspicuous the principles of which it is the emblazonry, fealty to truth, to honor, to liberty and law. Let partisan zeal and mere personal aggrandizement be forgotten in the pursuit of the highest aims. Let the spirit of Abraham Lincoln be ours, who, in 1858 — standing at Alton, where Lovejoy had fallen a martyr to freedom — said, "Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whatsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do

anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but *you may take me and put me to death!* I am nothing. Judge Douglas is nothing; but do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity — the Declaration of Independence.”

It is with prophetic ken, when at Philadelphia, he reasserts his fealty to this same supreme-law: “If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would be *assassinated on the spot!*”. Then he repeated again his calm, serious, intelligent consecration to the cause of Liberty and Union in these closing words: “I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of the Almighty God, *to die by!*”

That was heroism, lofty, sublime, god-like heroism. It was grander far than the heroism of the battle-field, where mere brutal courage plays an important part; where revenge sometimes is fired by pain and sight of blood; where there is the wild enthusiasm of numbers massed under the lead of magnetic men; where there are thrilling battle-songs poured forth from bearded lips, joined with clang of cymbals, blare of trumpets, beat of drum; and where, amid booming cannon, ringing sabre and rattling shell, the soldier forgets fatigue, pain, even life itself in the delirium of the hour. This defiance of death is heroic; this valor, audacity, and gallantry, worthy of praise; but it ranks lower than this serene quietude of soul that is born of humble, holy faith, which sustains one without these added supports.

Our hero dead are lying in a thousand burial places from Maine to Louisiana. Peace reigns. But is there not still an unended contest of ideas? Are not the great tutelar forces of a Christian civilization in earnest conflict with hostile influences? Have we been wholly victorious over partisan hatred, the prejudice of caste, of color and of clan? Can any party show a wholly clean record? its leaders a purely disinterested and patriotic purpose? Are there no ominous tendencies at work in the rapid growth of our material wealth and in the importation of alien and destructive elements?

We have scattered our floral tributes to-day over the graves of the patriotic dead. These frail mementoes of affection will soon

wither, but let not the memory of these martyrs fail to inspire in us a purer, holier life ! The roll-call brings to mind their faces and their deeds. They were faithful to the end. The weary march, the bivouac, the battle, are still remembered by the survivors. But your line, comrades, is growing slenderer every year. One by one you will drop out of the ranks, and other hands may ere long strew your grave with flowers as you have done to-day in yonder cemetery. When mustered in the last grand review, with all the veterans and heroes of earth, may each receive with jubilant heart the great Commander's admiring tribute "Well done !" and become with Him partaker of a felicity that is enduring and triumphant !

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

MARY FROST ORMSBY.

NOT alone in Grand Cathedrals, not alone in Concert Hall
 Do we hear the sweetest music, answering every Spirit's call ;
 But in God's own living temple, 'long the corridors of time,
 Do we hear the sweetest music, most enchanting, most sublime.

Sit with me by peaceful river, or walk by mountain, glen or rill,
 Listen to the little songsters warbling songs each soul shall fill ;
 There the diapason's perfect ; ringing out melodious song,
 There we would repose in quiet, away from earth's tumultuous throng.

Or, watch the ocean when, at sunset, tinted with its rainbow hue,
 You're charmed with its majestic beauty, then listen to its music too ;
 We'll lift our souls in prayerful spirit, hear music in its tumultuous roar,
 See "Emblem" of the life eternal, the perfect music evermore.

Yes ! Nature forms one perfect chorus, one anthem Heavenly and sublime,
 May none e'er prove a note discordant, in this vast harmony divine
 'Till our souls are filled with music and each feels its healing power,
 And round each stone and hearth-stone music forever comes in mystic shower.

COUPON BONDS. (Abridged and arranged.)

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

From "Coupon Bonds and other Stories," by special permission.

To bring this sketch within the limits desired, it has been found necessary to omit some of the characters and not follow out the whole story. Read the descriptive parts with your own tone and expression of face. Idealize the characters and invest each one with a marked individuality. Be careful to keep these peculiarities clear, and you have an inimitably good reading.

ON a certain mild March evening, A.D. 1864, the Ducklow kitchen had a general air of waiting for somebody. Mrs. Ducklow sat knitting by the light of a kerosene lamp, the side-table was set with a single plate, knife and fork, and cup and saucer, indicating that the person waited for was expected to partake of some refreshments.

Behind the stairway was a small boy, who exclaimed rather than inquired:

"He'll want me to hold the lantern for him to take care of the hoss."

"No, no, Taddy, you'll only be in the way if you set up."

"Say, ma, do ye think he'll bring me home a drum?"

"You'll know in the morning."

"I want to know to-night. He said mabby he would. Say, *can't* I set up?"

"I'll let ye know whether you can set up, after you've been told so many times!"

So saying, Mrs. Ducklow rose from her chair, laid down her knitting-work, and started for the stairway door with great energy and a rattan. But Taddy, who perceived retribution approaching, did not see fit to wait for it. He darted up the stairs and crept into his bunk with the lightness and agility of a squirrel.

"I'm a-bed! Say, ma, I'm a-bed!" he cried, eager to save the excellent lady the trouble of ascending the stairs. "I'm 'most asleep a'ready!"

"It's a good thing for you you be!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

Presently the sound of wheels coming into the yard told her that the person so long waited for had arrived.

"That you?" said she, opening the kitchen door and looking out into the darkness.

"Yes," replied a man's voice.

"Ye want the lantern?"

"No; jest set the lamp in the winder, and I guess I can git along. Whoa!" And the man jumped to the ground.

"Had good luck?" the woman inquired in a low voice.

"I'll tell ye when I come in," was the evasive answer.

"Has he bought me a drum?" bawled Taddy from the chamber stairs.

"Do you want me to come up there and 'tend to ye?" demanded Mrs. Ducklow.

The boy was not particularly ambitious of enjoying that honor.

"You be still and go to sleep, then, or you'll git *drummed*!"

And she latched the stairway door, greatly to the dismay of Master Taddy, who felt that some vast and momentous secret was being kept from him. Overhearing whispered conferences between his adopted parents in the morning, he had gathered a fact and drawn an inference, namely, that a great purchase was to be made by Mr. Ducklow that day in town, and that on his return he (Taddy) was to be surprised by the presentation of what he had long coveted and teased for—a new drum.

To lie quietly in bed under such circumstances was an act that required more self-control than Master Taddy possessed. Accordingly he stole down stairs and listened, feeling sure that if the drum should come in, Mrs. Ducklow, and perhaps Mr. Ducklow himself, would be unable to resist the temptation of thumping it softly to try its sound, and so he ventured to unlatch the stairway door, open it a crack,—and peep.

Mr. Ducklow entered, bringing a number of parcels, but no drum was visible to Taddy.

"Did you buy?" whispered Mrs. Ducklow, relieving him of his load.

[*Here is a good chance for gesture and facial expression.*] Mr. Ducklow pointed mysteriously at the stair-way door, lifting his eye, brows interrogatively.

"Taddy?" said Mrs. Ducklow, "Oh, he's abed, though I never in my life had such a time to get him off; he was possessed with the idea that you was to buy something, and he wanted to set up and see what it was.

"Strange how children will ketch things, best you can do to prevent," said Mr. Ducklow.

"But did ye buy?"

"You better take them matches and put 'em out of the way, fust thing, fore ye forgit it."

"Come," said she, after hastily disposing of the matches, "what's the use of keepin' me in suspense? *Did* you buy?"

"Where did you put the matches?"

"In the little tin pail where we always keep 'em, of course."

"You needn't be cross; I asked 'cause I didn't hear ye put the cover on. I don't believe ye *did* put the cover on either; and I shan't be easy until ye do."

Mrs. Ducklow returned to the pantry and her husband heard the cover go on with a click.

He removed one boot and then drew gently on the other. As it came off, something fell out on the floor. He picked it up and handed it with a triumphant smile to Mrs. Ducklow.

"Oh, indeed! is this the ——"

The package consisted of a large, unsealed envelope, and folded papers within.

"But what made ye carry 'em in yer boot so?"

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Ducklow, in a suppressed voice, "I was afraid o' bein' robbed. So, jest as I got clear o' the town, I took it out o' my pocket (meaning, not the town, but the envelope containing the papers) an' tucked it down my boot-leg. Then, all the way home, I was scaret when I was ridin' alone, an' still more scaret when I heard anybody comin' after me. You see, it's jest like so much money."

And he arranged the window curtain in a manner to prevent the sharpest-eyed burglar from peeping in and catching a glimpse of the papers.

He neglected to secure the stairway door, however. There, in

his hiding-place behind it, stood Taddy, peeping and listening in a fever of curiosity which nothing could chill. He had not yet fully given up the idea of a new drum, although the image, which vaguely shaped itself in his mind, of Mr. Ducklow "tucking it down his boot-leg," presented difficulties.

"This is the bond, you see," Mr. Ducklow explained; "and all these little things that fill out the sheet are the cowpons. You have only to cut off one o' these, take it to the bank when it is due, and draw the interest on it in gold!"

"But suppose you lose the bonds?" queried Mrs. Duck'ow.

"That's what I've been thinkin' of; that's what's made me so narvous. I supposed 't would be like so much railroad stock, good for nothin' to nobody but the owner. But the man to the bank said no,—'t only was like so much currency, and I must look out for it. That's what filled all the bushes with robbers as I come along the road. I don't see how we're to keep the plaguy things so we sha'n't feel uneasy about 'em."

"Nor I neither!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, turning pale. "Suppose the house should take fire! or burglars should break in! I don't wonder you was so particular about the matches! Dear me! I shall be frightened to death! I'd no idee 't was to be such dangerous property! I shall be thinking of fires and burglars!—O-h-h-h!"

Mr. Ducklow sprang back against the table set for his supper with a force that made everything jar. Then he sprang forward again, instinctively reaching to grasp and save from plunder the coupon bonds. But by this time both he and his wife had become aware of the nature of the intrusion.

"Thaddeus!" ejaculated the lady. "How came you here? Get up! Give an account of yourself!"

Taddy's abrupt appearance in the room had been altogether involuntary. Leaning forward, he had pitched from the stairway into the kitchen with a violence that threw the door back against the wall with a bang, and laid him out, a sprawling figure in scanty, ghostly apparel, on the floor.

"What ye want? What ye here for?" sternly demanded Mr. Ducklow, snatching him up by one arm, and shaking him.

"Don't know," faltered the luckless youngster, speaking the truth for once in his life. "Fell."

"Fell! How did you come to fall? What are you out o' bed for?"

"Don't know,"—snivelling and rubbing his eyes. "Didn't know I was."

"Got up without knowing it! That's a likely story! How could that happen, you, sir?" said Mrs. Ducklow.

"Don't know, 'thout 't was I got up in my sleep," said Taddy, who had on rare occasions been known to indulge in moderate somnambulism.

"In your sleep!" said Mr. Ducklow, incredulously.

"I guess so. I was dreamin' you brought me home a new drum,—tucked down yer—boot leg," faltered Taddy.

"I dreamt you was blowin' it up, and I sprung to ketch it, when, fust I knowed, I was on the floor, like a thousan' o' brick! 'Most broke my knee-pans!" whimpered Taddy. "Say, didn't ye bring me home nothin'? What's them things?"

"Nothin' little boys know anything about. Now run back to bed again. I forgot to buy you a drum to-day, but I'll git ye somethin' next time I go to town,—if I think on 't."

"Somebody's comin'! What a lookin' object you are, to be seen by visitors!"

There was a knock. Taddy disappeared. Mr. Ducklow turned anxiously to his wife, who was hastily hiding the bonds in her palpitating bosom.

"Who can it be this time o' night?"

"Sakes alive!" said Mrs. Ducklow, in whose mind burglars were uppermost, "I wish, whoever 't is, they'd keep away! Go to the door," she whispered, resuming her work.

It was a neighbor who called upon some errand and remained but a short time.

"I do wish folks would stay to home," said Mrs. Ducklow, after the visitor had gone.

"You've got the bonds safe?" said Mr. Ducklow, putting on his waistcoat.

"Yes; but I won't engage to keep 'em safe. Here, you take 'em."

"Don't be foolish. You don't suppose I want to lug 'em around with me wherever I go, do ye?"

"I'm sure it's no great lug. What in the world we're going to do with 'em I don't see. If we go out, we can't take 'em with us, for fear of losing 'em, or of being robbed; and we shan't dare to leave 'em to home, for fear the house 'll burn up or git broke into."

"We can hide 'em where no burglar can find 'em. I guess we better put 'em in the clock-case for to-night, hadn't we?"

"Jest where they'd be discovered if the house was robbed. No; I've an idea. Slip 'em under the settin'-room carpet."

This was done and a chair set over them.

"What noise was that?" said the farmer, starting. "Thaddeus," cried Mrs. Ducklow, "is that you?" It was Thaddeus, indeed, who, awaked from a real dream of the drum this time, had stoie cautiously upon the scene. What were the old people hiding under the carpet? It must be those curious things in the envelope. What *were* they anyway?

Taddy was peeping and considering when he heard his name called. He would have glided back to bed, but Mrs. Ducklow was too quick for him. "What do you want now?" she demanded.

"I—I want you to scratch my back," said Taddy.

She had often complied with a similar request, but was now in no mood to be trifled with.

"I'll scratch your back for ye!" And seizing her rattan, she laid on a few sound blows. "There, that's a scratching that 'll last ye for one while."

Taddy went back to bed, cried himself to sleep and dreamed that he was himself a drum, and that Mrs. Ducklow beat him.

In the middle of the night Mrs. Ducklow exclaimed: "What's the reason you can't sleep?"

"I think—I'm pretty sure—hark! I heard something sounded like somebody gettin' into the kitchen winder!"

"It's your nervousness." Yet Mr. Ducklow listened for further indications of burglary. "Why can't ye be quiet and go to sleep?"

"I'm sure I heard something! Anybody might have looked through the blinds and seen us puttin'—you know—under the carpet."

"Nonsense! 't a'n't at all likely."

But Mr. Ducklow was more alarmed than he was willing to confess. He lay awake, hearing burglars in all parts of the house for an hour longer.

"What now?" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow, starting up in bed.

"I thought I might as well git up and satisfy myself," replied her husband, in a low, agitated voice.

He had risen, and was groping his way to the kitchen.

"Is there anything?" she inquired, after listening long with chilling blood, expecting at each moment to hear him knocked down or throttled.

He made no reply, but presently came gliding softly back again.

"I can't find nothin'. But I never in all my life heard the floors creak so! I could have sworn there was somebody walkin' over 'em!"

"I guess you're a little excited, a'n't ye?"

"No,—I got over that; but I *did* hear noises!" Returning to his pillow he dismissed his fears, and once more composed his mind for slumber.

"Father!" said Mrs. Ducklow, giving him a violent shake.

"Hey? what?"—arousing from his first sound sleep.

"Don't you smell something burning?"

Ducklow snuffed; Mrs. Ducklow snuffed; they sat up in bed, and snuffed vivaciously in concert.

"No,—I can't say I do. Did you?"

"Jest as plain as ever I smelt anything in my life! But I don't so"—snuff, snuff—"not quite so distinct now."

"Seems to me I *do* smell somethin'," said Mr. Ducklow, imagination coming to his aid. "It can't be the matches, can it?"

"I thought of the matches, but I certainly covered 'em up tight."

They snuffed again—first one, then the other,—now a series of quick, short snuffs, then one long, deep snuff, then a snuff by both together.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Mr. Ducklow.

“Why, what, father?”

“It’s Thaddeus! He’s been walkin’ in his sleep. That’s what we heard. And now he’s got the matches and set the house afire!”

He bounded out of bed; he went stumbling over the chairs in the kitchen, and clattering among the tins in the pantry, and rushing blindly and wildly up the kitchen stairs, only to find the matches all right, Taddy fast asleep, and no indications anywhere, either to eye or nostril, of anything burning.

“’T was all your imagination, mother!”

“My imagination! You was jest as frightened as I was. I’m sure I can’t tell what it was I smelt; I can’t smell it now. Did you feel for the—you know what?”

Getting down on his knees, he felt in the dark for the bonds.

“Good gracious!” he ejaculated.

“What now?” cried Mrs. Ducklow. “They a’n’t gone, be they?”

“Sure’s the world!—No here they be! I didn’t feel in the right place.”

“How you *did* frighten me! My heart almost hopped out of my mouth!”

Daylight the next morning dissipated their doubts, and made both feel that they had been the victims of unnecessary and foolish alarms.

“I hope ye won’t git so worked up another night,” said Mr. Ducklow.”

“I should like to know if you didn’t git excited, and rob me of my sleep jest as much as I did you!” retorted the indignant housewife.

“You fust put it into my head. But never mind. Le’ ’s have breakfast as soon as ye can; I’m in a hurry. The old mare lost a shoe yisterday and I must git her shod this mornin’.”

“I’ll go with you as far as the blacksmith shop,” said Mrs. Duck-

low, "and walk on to the store while you are waitin'. I want some more calico for my bedquilt."

"Wall, I'll call for ye when I git ready to go home."

"Come, Taddy! Fly round! You'll have lots o' chores to do this mornin'!"

Mr. Ducklow was just leaving the blacksmith's to drive to the store for his wife, when he happened to cast his eyes in the direction of his home, and saw a column of smoke.

The frightful catastrophe he forboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house on fire. Not a moment was lost.

"Them bonds! them bonds!" he exclaimed distractedly. "They are not insured; they are not registered; they'll be a dead loss! Fire! Fire!"

"Git up! git up! fire! fire! Oh, them bonds! them bonds! FIRE! FIRE!" It seemed to him that the mare's pace was like the gallop of an old cow.

"Git up!" Crack, crack went the whip. His hat fell off but was left to its fate. "FIRE! FIRE!" was still the cry.

Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow himself, without his hat, rising from his seat, and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, at the same time rending the azure with yells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and looking beyond, in expectation of seeing his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in a field near by.

At length Ducklow succeeded in checking the old mare's speed, and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts, "Fire! fire! fire!" over the hill. He had aroused the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

"A false alarm! a false alarm!" said Ducklow, looking marvelously sheepish, as he met them. "Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap!"

As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

"Thaddeus ! Thaddeus ! where ye goin', Thaddeus ? "

"Goin' to the fire ! " cried Taddy.

"There isn't any fire, boy ! "

"Yes, there is ! Didn't ye hear 'em ? They've been yellin' like fury."

"It's nothin' but Atkins's brush."

Taddy appeared very much disappointed. "I wonder who was such a fool as to yell fire jest for a darned old brush-heap ! "

Ducklow did not inform him.

"I've got to drive back for your ma. You stand by the mare while I step in and brush my hat."

Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting-room to see that the bonds were safe.

"Heavens and 'arth ! " said Ducklow.

The chair, which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out, and the carpet pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted in the midst of his ransacking by the alarm of fire.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped until he found the envelope. Great was the joy of Ducklow. Great also was the wrath of him, when he turned and discovered Taddy.

"Didn't I tell you to stand by the old mare ? "

"She won't stir," said Taddy, shrinking away again.

"Come here ! " And Ducklow grasped 'him by the collar. "What have you been doin' ? Look at that ! "

"'T wa'n't me ! " — beginning to whimper and ram his fists into his eyes.

"Don't tell me 't wa'n't you ! " Ducklow shook him till his teeth chattered. "What was you pullin' up the carpet for ? "

"Lost a marble ! " snivelled Taddy.

"Lost a marble! Ye didn't lose it under the carpet, did ye? Look at all that straw pulled out!" — shaking him again.

"Didn't know but it might 'a' got under the carpet, marbles roll so," explained Taddy, as soon as he could get his breath.

"Wall, sir!" Ducklow administered a resounding box on his ear. "Don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbles! Go to that mare, and don't you leave her again till I come."

What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them, after what had happened; and he remembered too well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person.

A bright idea finally came. There was a trunk in the garret, filled with old papers of all sorts — newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children's writing-books, — accumulations of the last quarter of a century. Neither fire nor burglar nor ransacking youngster had ever molested those ancient records during all those five-and-twenty years. A bright thought struck him.

"I'll slip the bonds down into that wuthless heap o' rubbish, where no one 'u'd ever think o' lookin' for 'em, and resk 'em."

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the trunk in the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, and appearing as if it had not been opened, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

He had not gone far when the thought occurred to him that Mrs. D. might come home across the lots while he drove round the road and might sell the contents of that trunk to a peddler. So back he went. The house was found as he had left it, and Taddy was occupied in making a kite frame.

Mr. Ducklow went again to the garret, got the envelope, placed it in the breast-pocket of his overcoat and pinned it in with six large, strong pins, and drove away.

Mrs. Ducklow made her purchase, and after waiting a reasonable time for her husband, she went to the door just in time to see him drive frantically homeward. No time to be lost, she followed on

foot and across lots, reaching home after Mr. Ducklow had left. A chaise was just going away from the house. A robber, perhaps. Frantically she rushed in, to find the straw scattered about the carpet and the bonds gone.

"The man in the chaise!" she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim, succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse, gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation.

And Taddy? He had been murdered, perhaps — or gagged and carried away by the man in the chaise.

Mrs. Ducklow flew hither and thither (to use a favorite phrase of her own), "like a hen with her head cut off;" then rushed out of the house, and up the street, screaming after the chaise—

"Murder! murder! Stop thief! stop thief!"

She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted, now she cantered; but if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun, shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was unique; it was prodigious. With frantically waving hands and undulating, flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird, attempting to fly. Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk,—breath and strength all gone,—no voice left even to scream murder. Half running again, half flying, she was passing a house, when its owner cried out: "What's the matter? What's to pay, Mrs. Ducklow?"

"Robbed," she wheezed out.

"Robbed? How? Who?"

"The chaise; ketch it."

A horse was hitched to a wagon in the yard; Atkins helped Mrs. Ducklow to clamber in and set off in pursuit.

"Stop, you, sir! Stop, you, sir!" shrieks Mrs. Ducklow, when they came up with the chaise.

"You've robbed my house! You've took—" Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild accusation, when she recognized—the benign face of her minister.

"What do you say? I have robbed you?"

"No, no, not you; you, you wouldn't do such a thing; but have you seen our Thaddeus?"

"Here I be, ma Ducklow," piped a small voice, and Taddy peeped out of the chaise from behind the broad back of the minister.

"Taddy! Taddy! how came the carpet——"

"I pulled it up huntin' for a marble."

"And the——the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?"

"Pa Ducklow took it."

"Oh, dear, I never was so beat, Mr. Grantley I hope—excuse me—I didn't know what I was about. Taddy, you notty boy, what did you leave the house for?"

The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed, and went his way. Atkins drove back, and set her and Taddy down at the Ducklow gate.

Soon afterward appeared Mr. Ducklow. "The bonds are all right," said he, tapping the breast-pocket of his coat.

After long consultation Mrs. Ducklow asked: "Why not put 'em in Josiah's safe? He's got a safe, ye know."

"So he has! We might drive over there and make a visit Monday, and ask him to lock up——yes, we might tell him and Laury all about it, and leave 'em in their charge."

"So we might!" said Mrs. Ducklow.

Laura was their daughter, and Josiah her husband, in whose honor and sagacity they placed unlimited confidence. The plan was resolved upon at once.

The next day was Sunday; and although Mr. Ducklow did not like to have the bonds on his mind during sermon-time, and Mrs. Ducklow "dreaded dreadfully," as she said, "to look the minister in the face," they concluded that it was best, on the whole, to go to meeting, and carry the bonds. With the envelope once more in his breast-pocket (stitched in this time by Mrs. Ducklow's own hand), the farmer sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and stared up at the minister without hearing a word of the discourse until the preacher exclaimed vehemently, looking, as it seemed to the frightened couple, straight at the Ducklow pew,—“What says Paul? ‘I

would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds*,' 'EXCEPT THESE BONDS,' " he repeated striking the Bible. "Can you, my hearers, can you say, with Paul, 'Would that all were as I am, *except these bonds*?' "

Early the next morning Taddy's adopted parents set out to visit their daughter. It was afternoon when they arrived at their journey's end. Laura received them joyfully.

"What do ye think of Gov'ment bonds, Josiah?" Mr. Ducklow incidentally inquired after supper.

"First-rate," said Josiah.

"But how is it about the cowpon bonds? A'n't they rather ticklish property to have in the house?"

"Well, I don't know. Think how many years you'll keep old bills and documents and never dream of losin' 'em."

"Suppose," said Ducklow, as if the thought had but just occurred to him—"suppose you put my bonds into your safe; I shall feel easier."

"Of course," replied Josiah. "I'll keep 'em for you, if you like."

Ducklow was happy. Mrs. Ducklow was happy. She took her husband's coat, and with a pair of scissors cut the threads that stitched the envelope to the pocket.

"Have you torn off the May coupons?" asked Josiah.

"No."

"Well, you'd better. They'll be payable now soon; and if you take them, you won't have to touch the bonds again till the interest on the November coupons is due."

"A good idea!" said Ducklow.

He took the envelope, untied the tape, and removed its contents. Suddenly the glow of comfort, the gleam of satisfaction, faded from his countenance.

"Hello! What ye got there?" cried Josiah.

"Why, father! massy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Ducklow.

As for Ducklow himself, he could not utter a word; but, dumb with consternation, he looked again in the envelope, and opened and turned inside out, and shook, with trembling hands, its astonish-

ing contents. The bonds were not there; they had been stolen, and three copies of the "Sunday Visitor" had been inserted in their place.

Very early on the following morning a dismal-faced, middle-aged couple might have been seen riding away from Josiah's house. It was the Ducklows returning home, after their fruitless, their worse than fruitless journey.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. D., with a groan, "I wish the pesky cowpon bonds had never been invented!" A sentiment which her husband most fully concurred in.

The house of the Ducklows was filled with gloom until Taddy, having first been fully assured that he would not receive the punishment deserved, made a clean breast of it, and told the whole story. Impelled by a curiosity which had well nigh devoured that small boy, he found opportunity to investigate the contents of the package when it had lain under the carpet, and thinking the bonds would make a better material for covering his kite than common paper, concluded to use them for that purpose. This he imparted to his astonished foster-parents, after a solemn promise had been given that he should not be punished if he would only tell the whole truth in the matter.

"Did you cover your kite?"

"No. When I found out you cared so much about 'em, I dars'n't; I was afraid you'd see 'em"

"Then what *did* you do with 'em?"

"When you was away, Dick come over, and I—I sold 'em to him."

"Sold 'em to Dick?"

"Yes, sold them for six marbles, and one was a bull's-eye, and one agate, and two alleys. Then, when you come home and made such a fuss, I wanted 'em ag'in. But he wouldn't give me back but four, and I wa'n't going to agree to no such nonsense as that."

"But the bonds! did he destroy 'em?"

"Likely he'd destroy 'em, after he'd paid six marbles for 'em! He wanted 'em to cover his kite with."

"Cover his — oh ! then he's made a kite of 'em ?" said Ducklow.

"No, I got 'em back, here they are. I promised Dick that he might play on my new drum when you git it for me. You said you wouldn't lick me ? and — say, when can I have the drum, pa Ducklow ?"

The owner of the bonds was too glad to get them at any cost, and he said good-naturedly, "You don't deserve no drum after cuttin' up so and makin' me and yer ma so much trouble, but I'll get it fur you when I go to town — cause I said I would." And pa Ducklow kept his word.

A SEA-SIDE FLIRTATION.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

(Good for an encore.)

WITH sorrow in her eyes of blue,
 With trembling hands she slowly penned it—
 The little parting *billet doux*
 That conscience told her now should end it.
 Those *tête-à-tête* along the shore,
 Those gypsyings with fern-filled basket,
 Must join the dear delights of yore
 And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's :
 He told his passion in his glances.
 She sealed her note with scented wax,
 But could not drown her dismal fancies.
 When he should read his suit denied,
 So long the theme of idle gazers,
 She pictured him a suicide,
 And shuddered at the thought of razors !

At last she slept — but not till dawn
 Had blossomed through the ocean vapors.
 Jack conned her missive with a yawn
 When he had read the morning papers.
 He gave his beard a languid twirl,
 And murmured as he sat a-smoking :
 “Tear-stained — By Jove ! — poor little girl —
 I thought she knew that I was joking ! ”

BARNYARD MELODIES.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS

From “Voice Culture and Elocution,” by permission of the author, Prof.
 William T. Ross.

DELIGHTFUL change from the town's abode,
 Is a charming drive on a country road ;
 From the stifled air of the city's street
 To the perfumed breath of the daisies sweet !
 You halt your team at the farmer's gate,
 He comes to open it ; while you wait
 Old Rover comes bounding down the hill
 In spite of his master's : — “ Rover, be still ! ” —
 His barking shakes his thick, shaggy coat,
 While these notes roll from his deep-toned throat :

Bow-wow-wow-wow !

Bow-wow-wow-wow !

On either side fat hens take leg,
 While others announce a new-laid egg :

Cut-cut-cut — cut-da-cut !

Cut-cut-cut — cut-da-cut !

The rooster, shrill spokesman for the brood,
 Says, one-third polite and two-thirds rude :

I'm Cock a-doodle-do !

And who the deuce are you ?

The ducks and drakes use the self-same quack,
 They 're just alike save the curl at the back ;
 Fôr "*divers*" reasons they go to the pond,
 For "*sun-dry*" reasons they strut around,
 And waddle off like sailors a-spreeing,
 And talk like doctors when disagreeing :

Quack-quack-quack-quack !

Quack-quack-quack-quack !

The turkey gobbler comes charging 'round
 With ruffled temper and wings aground ;
 For fear he might his foe overtake
 He gives alarm, then puts on the brake :

Plip gobble-obble-obble !

Plip-gobble-obble-obble !

The hog in the trough with dirty feet —
 The more you give him the more he 'll eat ;
 This gourmand finds nothing to desire
 When half asleep in the half-dried mire :

R-r-r-rough-ff ! r-r-r rough-ff !

R-r-r-rough-ff ! r-r-r rough-ff !

The sow is teaching her litter of shoats
 To speak hog latin with guttural throats :

Ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee !

Ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee ! ugh-ee !

The calf and lamb at distance dispute
 The right of bin with hornéd brute ;
 Their blat and bleat the hard-headed scorns
 Where right or wrong's a question of horns •

Bah ! bah ! — Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh !

Bah ! bah ! — Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh !

The bare-foot boy from the tender rows
 Of corn is driving the "pesky" crows ;

He stubs his toe, and they mock his pain ;
He throws a stone, and they're off again :

Caw ! caw ! caw ! caw !

Caw ! caw ! caw ! caw !

From out the meadow the lowing kine,
Treading the buttercups, come in line ;
Come with their soft tread through the grass ;
Answer the call of the farmer's lass :

Co'-boss ! co'-boss ! co'-boss ! — Moo !

Co'-boss ! co'-boss ! co'-boss ! — Moo !

They stand there meekly chewing their cud,
Whacking their sides with a sudden thud
To battle the flies ; the swinging tail
Meanwhile drops down in the frothing pail :

So-boss ! so-boss ! so-so-so !

Stand still, Brindle ! heist ! so-so !

The king of the herd, imprisoned a-field,
Is hooking the bars quite loth to yield ;
He paws up the earth with muscles tense,
And then pacing down the long line fence
On neighboring chief — with haughty mein
And challenge hoarse — he vents his spleen

Mow-ow-ush ! mow-ow-ush !

Mow-oo ! mow-oo ! ow-ush !

The mare knee-deep in the clover bed
Caresses her nursing thoroughbred ;
The well-fed oxen in stanchions, meek ;
The plowboy grooming his horses, sleek ;
They whisk their tails and nip at his back
While down the curry-comb comes a-whack ! —

Whoa, Dan ! you rascal, stand still !

Cxh ! cxh ! cxh ! Ge' up thar, Bill !

The barn well filled with the bursting sheaves;
 The swallows twittering 'neath the eaves
 Their song of plenty; the farmer's heart
 And barn are full — while he walks apart
 And chants his thankfulness as he goes
 By whistling the only tune he knows:

"Yankee Doodle" [to be whistled.]

TWO BELLS.

REV. J. W. SANBORN.

Very effective if one can give bell notes, similar to Poe's "Bells" and
 "Creeds of the Bells."

LIST! the clamor of the bells,
 Sweeping over dales and dells;

Penetrating everywhere,—
 Souls, and homes, and all the air.

One, a deep-toned, mellow bell,
 Eager its glad news to tell.

[*The next two lines are given in imitation of bell-tones, with swelling voice upon "pealing."*]

"Peace on earth, to men good will,"
 Pealing, pealing, pealing still.

Full of hope its golden tones;
 Stirring thoughts of crowns and thrones,

Palms, and harps, and robes of white,
 In the realm that knows no night;

Where He reigns to whom we bow.
 'Tis His bell peals, "Now! now! now!"

[*Ring out gravely, with full voice.*]

Thus God's bell its warning note
Sounds from out its golden throat.

But another — brazen bell —
Beats against this golden swell,

Ring out, "No trouble borrow;
Just as well to-morrow, 'morrow."

[*Imitate bells, higher pitch, quicker time.*]

And the devil's brazen bell
Holds the masses in its spell:

"Feast thyself to-day! To-morrow
Will be time enough for sorrow!"

[*Gravely.*]

"But to-morrow'll never be!"
Rings the bell of Deity;

"Past and future are God's own;
Yours is now, and now alone."

List! the clamor of the bells!
Sweeping over dales and dells;

"¹Now!" "²To-morrow!" "¹Now!" "²To-morrow!"

"¹Listen now!" "²No trouble borrow!"

[*Gravely 1, joyously 2.*]

Enters Death! With sturdy stroke,
The to-morrow bell he broke!

While God's bell, in minor strain,
Sadly echoed forth again:

“Hadst thou harkened to my warning
Thou hadst now shared in the dawning
[*Clear and low.*]

“Glory of Celestial morn !
But alas ! thy day is gone !”
[*Very low.*]

DERBY DAY.—(After Owen Meredith.)

FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

The following is one of a series of very clever imitations of modern poets which was written not long since by Mrs. Clark.

STRANGE that an innocent, girlish way,
A pouting demand, and a sunrise face
Should send such a cynical mind astray
To such a scene as the Derby race.

Another man would be singing of love
And the dear delights of a soft caress ;
I'm seeing, the heads of the crowd above,
The heliotrope sheen of a gauzy dress,

And opal eyes 'neath a fringe of hair
As soft and light as the morning mist ;
The jealous glove, that, despite its care,
Leaves an ivory arm by the shadows kist.

Dainty and dear the patrician head,
And the matchless jewel that glows in her ear ;
My heart stood still, and my soul it said :
“ My queen and my darling, she knows I am here ”

For, oh, 'neath the fall of the Mechlin lace,
And the yellow roses that lay on her heart,
'Cross the carriage that intervenes I can trace,
I swear, how her pulses tremble and start.

I left her, a bare three months ago,
 'Neath the chandelier, at the palace ball ;
In that clear, sweet voice she whispered low :
 “ Don't fear, I am true, I'll wait.” After all

The hurry and fret and the half despair,
 They have poisoned my brief Continental trip ;
She's true, with her opal eyes so rare,
 And the faint, sweet coral stain of her lip.

“ I'll go to her now ; she will understand
 With a look, and all will be well,” I said ;
But venders of cakes came by, and a band,
 And a tumbling boy who would stand on his head.

And carriages crowded right up in the way,
 And loud there came from a booth hard by,
Where strolling actors were giving a play,
 The beat of a drum and a mountebank's cry.

With a muttered, impatient word I tried
 To stem the current, when, scented and fine,
And horribly well-dressed, stood at my side
 Lord John, as usual, flushed with wine.

“ I say, old fellow, I see you stare,”
 He said, “ like the rest, at yon pretty toy
With the opal eyes and the soft, fringed hair ;
 You know she's just married to old Mountjoy.”

“ Liar ! ” I sprang at my Lord John's throat,
 A dozen friends came crowding around
And said he had spoke the truth, and took note
 That I cowered and shook like a craven hound.

’Twas fear of that tipsy young lord they hint
 To this day, I believe I am written down
As a coward somewhere in London print ;
 Bah ! should I show my heart to the town ?

Should I show that I died just there and then ?

And Derby day, with its crowd and noise,
Its mountebank plays, and women and men,
Its dust and din and tumbling boys,

Is the very last scene in my former life ?

Why, 'twas but a ghost, to-day in the Row
When passed by the Duke of Mountjoy and his wife,
Who smiled and saluted me blandly and low.

Sweet opal eyes 'neath the fringe of hair,

Your glow is calm in that placid face ;
But, oh, you send men's souls to —— "Where ?"
'Twould scare you, Duchess, to name the place.

DANDELION AND CLOVER-TOP.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

A pretty costume dialogue for six little girls. It must be given during the day, as the dandelion goes to sleep too early to be made available for an evening performance.

Dandelion wears a dress of gauzy white, with a broad hat turned up on one side ; dress and hat are trimmed with dandelion leaves and flowers.

Clover-top wears a hat and dress like that of Dandelion, trimmed with red clover leaves and flowers.

Violet wears a white dress and a poke bonnet, which may be covered with blue violets, bunches of violets upon her dress and a basket of the flowers upon her arm.

Hollyhock wears the flowers like rosettes upon her white dress. They should be of the double kind, of various colors. She wears a pretty peasant waist of green silk and a jaunty little shirred silk hat turned up in front. Her hair is in long curls or waves. She stands upon the left side, nearer the front than Dandelion and Clover-top.

Buttercup wears her hair flowing loosely and decked with a wreath of buttercups ; dress of tulle trimmed with festoons of buttercups. She is seen upon the right, opposite Hollyhock,

The sixth is dressed in white with any flowers she chooses to wear. She is hidden by a screen as she reads. She must speak very clearly and distinctly.

[*From behind the screen.*]

DANDELION and Clover-top growing close together,
Bobbed their bright young heads and talked, in the new spring
weather.

Just across the little path in a grassy hollow,
Buttercup was coquetting with a noisy swallow.

[*Dandelion, pointing scornfully toward Buttercup.*]

“Do you know,” said Dandelion, growing stiff and sullen,
“Buttercup, who used to rank with Milkweed and Mullen,

“Goes to parties, matinées, and all such queer places?
And is quite the rage, they say, with her silly graces.”

[*Clover.*]

“Well,” laughed Clover, merrily, “this we will agree on—
That she wears her honors well, for such a plebeian!

“I should surely cross my knees, spill my dew at dinner—
When it comes to etiquette, I’m a *dreadful* sinner!

“As for you, you sleep so much, they say—without malice—
That you steal the opium from the poppy’s chalice.”

[*Dandelion, pointing toward Hollyhock.*]

“There is Madam Hollyhock,” still pursued the other,
“Used to be on friendly terms with my great-grandmother.

“Then she wore the plainest skirt, with a simple tunic,
Now she looks like some grand dame just arrived from Munich.

“Then she stood beside the wall, or the lattice, may be,
Now she rings the front door-bell, just like any lady.”

[*Clover.*]

“Why, you must be jealous, dear!” Clover said, serenely,
“For her colors are superb, and her manners queenly.

“Her quaint bodice of pale green fits her to perfection,
And a ruffle more or less is no great objection.”

[*Violet crosses the back of the stage and passes over to the side of Buttercup. From behind the screen.*]

Just then Violet passed by in her soft blue bonnet;
Dandelion's face grew dark, with the frown upon it.

[*Dandelion.*]

“See!” she cried, “the whole bright world greets her as she passes,
While our lives are hidden here in the weeds and grasses.

“How I hate her artless ways! hate her queer poke bonnet!
Hate her modest drooping face, with the soft smile on it!

“‘Modest Violet,’ indeed! when her vainest glory
Is the meek humility granted her in story!

“Tell me, does God love her best? Count her blue gown fairer?
Is her perfume sweet to Him? or her graces rarer?”

[*Clover.*]

“Hush!” said Clover, sweetly grave, “God is God forever!
Doubt whatever else you will, but His goodness never.

“Violet gives lavishly of her wealth of sweetness,
And the world requites the debt from its own completeness.

“Do not wrong the God above, and our brown earth-mother,
Why not like your own life best, sighing for no other?

“I'd not change my happy lot with my wild-bee lover
For the world of violets: No, not I!” laughed Clover.

[*From behind the screen.*]

"Humph!" that little cynic said, with her bright eyes closing,
And the rest I never heard, for she fell a-dozing.

The girl behind the screen comes out. A semi-circle is formed of the six, who join hands, dance toward the audience, back and forth, to music, three or four times, when curtain falls.

THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE.

META E. B. THORNE.

"**B**E faithful Don!" the farmer called, that sultry summer morn,
As he turned away and left the boy at work among the corn.
"Dotty, my dear, you will be sure to take the best of care
Of grandma," the mother said, "this trust with you I share."

Away across the prairies sped the farmer's handsome bays,
While higher mounted up the sun and hotter grew its rays;
But scarce a word the parents spoke, their eager thoughts would
roam

With many a tender, earnest prayer for the cherished ones at home.

Like emerald banners on the air the corn its broad leaves flung,
And every tiny murmuring breeze each silken tassel swung,
And seemed to sing, "Be faithful, boy!" to Donald's listening ear;
"Be faithful!" piped the meadow larks down by the streamlet clear.

He read it on the smiling face of upland meadow, too,
And penned in lines of living light on heaven's arching blue,
As busily he plied his hoe his heart exulting sang,
And louder than the bobolink's his merry whistle rang.

O'ershaded by its clambering vines, and set 'mid beds of bloom,
The farmer's pleasant homestead stood, and in an upper room,
On every thoughtful care intent, busily to and fro,
A happy little maiden went, while humming soft and low.

Now here she closed a blind to shut away the sun's bright glare ;
To let each stray, cool zephyr in she raised a window there ;
And then a cooling draught she brought that " grandma dear "
might drink ;

Then in a vase close by she placed some roses white and pink.

And when the morning had gone by, the noontide meal she laid ;
Then all was cleared away, herself in coolest dress arrayed,
Seated once more by grandma's side she bathed the fevered brow,
And gently plied the fan, and sang in accents sweet and low.

But by the languorous heat oppressed the tune dropped drowsily,
Then died away, and Dotty slept, her head on grandma's knee .
And grandma, too, with gentle hand upon the drooping head,
Was dreaming of the past, once more among the cherished dead.

Meantime, among the corn, the boy, though weary, plied his hoe ;
But fervid was the afternoon, and on his heated brow
Stood beads of sweat that slowly fell like heavy drops of rain ;
Still he worked on " Faithful I'll be in weariness or in pain."

Then suddenly he heard a sound borne on the heavy air
Of late so still—an ominous roar, and then an angry glare
Lit up the western sky. He cried, " Here comes a hurricane !
I must haste home to make all snug before the wind and rain."

Up through the rows of corn, and then beneath the orchard trees,
Then up the garden swift he sped, but swifter came the breeze.
A fierce and mighty blast, he saw it sweeping o'er the plain ;
Before it fell the trees, as falls before the scythe the grain.

With hands outstretched and close shut eyes he sank upon his knees,
" Lord, thou alone canst save," he cried. " O spare us, if you please !
O let the storm go by and save Dotty and grandma dear,
Mother and father once again to meet. O Jesus, hear !"

He raised his eyes and looked around—the elm tree by the gate
Uprooted lay upon the ground, and like a furrow straight

A wide swath through the meadow lay, and o'er the field of corn,
And through the belt of woods beyond, so green and strong that
morn.

The wind had died away, and only now, "like sound of hoofs,"
The heavy rain beat down the flowers and trampled on the roofs,
And on his brow all bare. He rose and as one in a dream
Entered the house, closing the doors and windows from the stream

Of water falling from the clouds. Seeking his grandma's room
He marveled much to find them still asleep amid the gloom
That had descended with the storm. Yet wondered they still more
To see the havoc that was wrought so near their very door.

How anxiously the farmer sought his home across the plain,
That night as warily he shunned the footprints of the rain.
" 'Tis awful, wife, the ruin wrought ! " in low, deep tones he said,
" The track leads straight for home ; pray God they may not all be
dead."

And thus, 'mid fears and hopes and prayers, their home at last they
near ;

The prone elm bars their way ; but what is this they see ? Right
here

As turned by some resistless power the mighty pathway bends,
Sweeping away across the fields. A thankful prayer ascends.

Now all the loved ones meet again, and each his story tells ;
Then such a psalm rings out, such praise from those hearts' deepest
wells !

And oft they since have told the tale, with mingled awe and fear,
How God had turned the hurricane, answering a young lad's prayer.

A PIN.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

OH, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good,
But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion could.

The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues, and not one acknowledged sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you, and she sticks you in a way that can't be said —
When you ask for what has hurt you, why, you cannot find the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain —
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
A pin is such a tiny thing — of that there is no doubt —
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're wretched till it's out.

She is wonderfully observing — when she meets a pretty girl
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out of curl.
And she is so sympathetic; to her friend, who's much admired,
She is often heard remarking: "Dear, you look so worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said: "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly added, "It
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said: "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling — most unpleasant, I aver —
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way,
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day,
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half a sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust —
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust —
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.

THE SALE OF THE PIG.

 JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

OCH, Biddy! 'tis bad news I'm bringin',
 Wid sorrow my heart's fit to break;
 The dochter is wantin' his money,
 The rint will be due in a wake.
 But worse than all this, Biddy, darlint,
 A cruel and heart-rinding blow!
 "What's that what has hurt me?" ye're askin',
 Shure! Biddy, the pig must go.

For Kitty, ye know, has the measles,
 And Tim, the poor colleen's, so bad
 The dochter has said if we kape him
 We must have fresh air fur the lad.
 The babby, too, she has been ailin',
 And, faith! her recovery's so slow,
 A change must be made fur the wee wan,
 So, Biddy, the pig must go.

All day I've been thinkin' of, Biddy,
 The counthry so grand and so swate,
 And in my ould head I've been plannin'
 Arrangements quite trim and compleate.
 You, darlint, must take all the childhurs,—
 New life upon them 'twell bestow—
 And go from the city to mither's,
 And, Biddy, the pig must go.

A snug, tidy cottage has mither,
 As purty as iver ye see,
 There's only wan room besides two, dear,
 But that is enough space fur ye.

My mithur has two little gardens,
 Where praties and posies both grow,
 And glad will she welcome the childhurs,
 But piggy to death must go.

I hate, dear, to part wid the crathur —
 Perhaps he's a throifle too blunt,—
 But oft I have killed me wid laughin'
 A-listenin' to his plazed grunt.
 In faith! he's the winnin'est baste, woife,
 Amongst all the pigs that I know,
 But to the starved knife of the butcher,
 Dear Biddy, our pig must go.

He'll fetch a great pile of good money,
 He's growin' now fat and so big,
 Ye'll feel when away fast ye travel,
 Ye're ridin' away on the pig.
 Don't let the young childhurs forget, dear,
 What to this dear crathur they owe,
 Since off to the blessed grand counthry
 'Tis piggy allows 'em to go.

We'll lave the nate hut by the railroad,
 Wid pig-pen as good as the bist,
 For I can get wurrk in the city,
 And board there as chape as the rist.
 Whisht, Biddy! ye plaze to spake aisy;
 Ye say ye're not lavin' me so
 That I shall not struggle on lonely
 While off on the pig ye go?

Faith, darlint! mesilf 'tis that's longin'
 To see ye again loike a rose,
 Your eyes, wunst the brag of ould Ireland,
 Again their ould sparkles disclose.

Whisht, Biddy, have done wid your talkin !
Indade ! I would have me woife know
The hilt of the childhurs is precious,
So you and the pig must go !

THE PARSON'S CRADLE.

ANNA RANDALL-DIEHL.

“HAD we not best buy a cradle, for the baby, Mary dear?
He's too heavy and too restless for your slender arms, I fear ;
Quite the tyrant is he getting in his active growing life,”
Said the Reverend Thomas Murry, to his blue-eyed little wife.
“Yes, but, Thomas, who will rock it through the long hours of
the night ?

Something with perpetual motion, only, could relieve us quite,”
Laughing, said the pretty mother, lifting baby in her arms,
Pretty, crowing, fair-haired baby, with his many dimpled charms.

Later, Reverend Thomas Murry set out on his quest intent,
And through many crowded ware-rooms were his eager footsteps
bent.

Vain, in truth, was all the searching for a cradle like the one
That had rocked the baker's dozen, in his old ancestral home,
Of sound-limbed and rosy children, the old cradle, deep and wide,
Swinging on its creaking rockers, mother sitting at the side ;
Found he but the newest-fangled, hung on uprights at the ends,
Willow baskets trimmed with ribbons in the way that fashion sends,

Did he choose a simple rocker ? No ; the newest patent thing,
With a clock-work-like attachment, by itself, alone, to swing,
Soon was purchased and delivered ; downy pillows put in place,
Baby ditto ; cradle wound up, started duly on its race.

“There, my darling, is a treasure, trust the baby to its care,
 Take your leisure hour for practice, reading, calling anywhere.
 O, you cunning little rascal! He’s more handsome every day;
 Wife, he’s surely growing like me, more and more, in every way.

True he has your very dimple, smile, and eyes of azure blue—
 Why, it cannot be you’r sighing! What is the matter, dear, with
 you?”

“It’s a very pretty cradle,”—sadness mingled with her smile,
 “And convenient, too, it must be;”—What could cloud her face
 the while?

All went well until one morning, just before the dawn was grey,
 When the Reverend Thomas Murry dreamed it was the judgment
 day;

Dreamed that bells in all the steeples, and the clocks in every tower,
 Mingled wild with Gabriel’s trumpet, as of doom they clanged the
 hour,

Woke to hear a whirring, whizzing, burring, crashing sound in air,
 Woke to see the cradle flying, with its precious burden there,
 Round and round with fearful motion, kept by centripetal in place;
 “Stop it, stop it!” screamed the mother; still went on the dreadful
 pace.

Sprang the father, but most timely to receive a blow full sore,
 And the gallant Thomas Murry measured length upon the floor;
 In an instant he had risen, quickly had regained his feet,
 Just in time to see the baby, by centrifugal most fleet,

Flung out! Heavens, the peril! flying straight through line of space,
 As if shot from loaded cannon to the marble mantel-place.
 Caught and saved! The mother fainted—while upon the morning
 air

Sounded out in glad thanksgiving, full and strong, the father’s prayer.
 Breakfast over, axe was plying, many blows it did not need
 Quite to sever the “attachment.” Now, then, Mary, we are freed
 From all clock-work to our cradle.” “O, it is much better so,”
 Said the mother placing baby on the pillows white as snow.

Back and forth she swung the cradle, then it was her husband knew.
 Why when all seemed going gaily, that portentous sigh she drew ;
 Knew that no machinery, no invention man-made patent e'er so good
 To take place of loving mother, to rock baby, ever could.
 Quiet reigned, as evening shadows o'er the ministerial home
 Brooded dove-like, and was broken but by Mary's crooning tone,
 As she sang in soothing numbers, swaying cradle to and fro,
 The old hymn loved best by babies, sung by mothers long ago :

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed ;
 Heavenly blessings without number,
 Cover thy defenceless head."

ROVER IN CHURCH.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

'T WAS a Sunday morning in early May,
 A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
 And all the village, old and young,
 Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.
 The windows were open, and breezes sweet
 Fluttered the hymn-books from seat to seat.
 Even the birds, in the pale-leaved birch
 Sang as softly as if in church !

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
 There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
 I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,
 As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap-rap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
 The boys on the back seats turned around.
 What could it mean? for never before
 Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused (though his head was bowed)
Rappety-rap! This will never do ;
The girls are peeping, and laughing too !
So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch, and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear ! With a solemn jog
Right up the center aisle he pattered ;
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say :
“ I'm sorry that I was late to-day ;
But better late than never, you know,
Besides, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door,
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say.”

The poor little girl hid her face, and cried !
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be !
The dog being large (and the sexton small),
He sat through the sermon, and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air !
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,
After the service, “ I never knew
Two better list'ners than Rover and you ! ”

THE COAL DIGGER.

JESSIE F. O'DONNELL.

IN a stifling pit a miner worked,
Beneath the light of the golden day,
Where the noisome gas and fire-damp lurked,
Like stealthy beasts, in his narrow way.

Like a grimy Cyclops the miner seemed,
One round eye throwing an evil light,
For the lamp on his forehead redly gleamed
In the shadowed depths of the pit's midnight.

He drove his pick in the mountain side,
To bring black jewels from the settings dim;
The coal is the diamond unpurified,
A truth which never had come to him.

The wide-loving Father has taught in the coal
And flash of the gem, in substance the same,
The elements God-like dwell in each soul,
Though one has glory, and one has shame.

The miner but thought in his vague, dull way,
Of his fading wife and his children three,
And if there were bread for another day,
Since a soulless clod of the earth was he.

Of the giant trees he never thought,
Which once to the sun waved tufted heads,
Where the wondrous change had since been wrought
That formed the massive, rich coal-beds.

He did not know that once just there,
Great forests of ferns began to grow,
And spread their fronds to the tropic air,
For his brain was dull and his fancy slow.

'Neath his echoing blows the coal broke thro',
And burst from the solid, glistening wall;
But he simply remembered the rent was due,
And would swallow the most of his earnings small.

A loaded car down the dark crept past,
Like a long, black hearse for a moment seen,
But never a glance the miner cast,
For what was he but a mere machine?

And patiently dull the man toiled on
For home and children, and fading wife,
Till his limbs were cramped, and his strength was gone.
But he hardly dreamed of a fuller life.

One day the gas and the fire-damp grim,
Wild, hungry beasts that had waited long,
Leaped quick at his throat and throttled him
With the horrible might of their hatred strong.

And people read in a careless way,
When his stupid, poor heart-strings lay chilled:
"A slight explosion occurred to-day,
But only a digger of coal was killed."

But I think in the spirit world he will learn
The beautiful things that escaped him here,
For the heart of the Father must surely yearn
O'er one condemned to an earth-life drear.

His brain will be filled, and his soul grow broad,
In the marvelous light of Heaven's day;
It could never be meant by a loving God
That he should be always a lump of clay.

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

From "Marie Antoinette," as played by Ristori.

[*The morning of January 21, 1793. Chamber of the Queen in the Temple. In the back a fire-place with a mirror, and clock with a pendulum. A door on the left in the corner leading to the chamber of Madame Elizabeth. An entrance door and window, also on the left. On the right a large screen concealing the bed of Maria Antoinette. Before it the bed of the Dauphin. A small table, on which is standing a light about going out. The fire in the fire-place half extinguished. Two large easy-chairs, and some other chairs. The Dauphin is asleep on his bed, covered with a coverlet. Madame Royale is reclining at the foot of the bed in a large arm-chair, on the side of which her head is resting. She is covered with a cloak, and she also is asleep, although less tranquilly than her brother. Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth are seated at the head of the bed, the former holding the head of the latter upon her breast.*]

ELIZABETH. My sister, you are faint, exhausted! you can bear no more! I have told you so! Alas! you are trembling not only with grief, but with cold. Your limbs are rigid! [*Covering her with her own mantle.*]

ANTOINETTE. And you, sister!

ELIZ. Oh! I—

ANT. Are you not cold?

ELIZ. A little, truly. It is always so when you do not sleep at night—what shall we do? I am sorry for you! and now there is no way of warming ourselves—the last of our fire is going out!—we have no more wood, and until eight o'clock there is no means even of a king for any—

ANT. [*Raising her head.*] Eight o'clock!

ELIZ. If you had lain down a little, as I have begged you so much to do—

ANT. Lie down in such a night as this, while he!—and you, dear, would have been able to do it? would have wished it?

ELIZ. But I am stronger and younger; I am not an invalid. [*Rising.*] Wait, at least, until I bring your counterpane from the bed, and your cloak, and cover you a little.

ANT. Do you not see them? [*Points to the counterpane, which, besides his quilt, covers the Dauphin, and the cloak that protects Madame Royale.*]

ELIZ. Poor mother!—Well, take mine.

ANT. It is for you. But I thank you. [*Rising.*] Oh! if it was only a little cold. [*Covers the Dauphin and Madam Royale carefully.*] It is enough if they do not suffer. I do not feel it; at least, I forget it entirely. [*Walking rapidly and shaking herself, to allow the blood to circulate.*] Besides, I am hot; my brain is hot—it burns—feel!

ELIZ. [*After passing her hand over her forehead.*] O God! this is fever.

ANT. No, no. [*Slowly.*] But what o'clock is it? Before midnight I counted the hours, but afterward fear seized me; and while you had retired for a little in your chamber I arrested the pendulum which once announced to me the hour when we were accustomed to meet all together in the dining-hall. I now—oh! if I had been able thus to check the inexorable march of time.

ELIZ. It cannot be far away from seven o'clock.

ANT. Seven o'clock?

ELIZ. Does not the dying wick of the candle seem to say so?

ANT. Dying!

ELIZ. And then, have you not your beautiful watch suspended to the bed behind the scene?

ANT. I did not wind it up last evening.

ELIZ. Wait! [*Goes to the window.*] Yes; the night is beginning to pass away, the morning is dark, cold and cloudy, but a glimmer of light begins to extend over that funeral drapery. The dawn of the 21st of January has come.

ANT. The day has come.

ELIZ. Does it not seem to you, sister, that it would be well to awaken our children?

ANT. Awake them! when nature has so much pity for childhood

as to allow them to sleep even over a bier — while sleep like a good angel closes their eyes with her merciful wings? Ah! no! no!

ELIZ. But if they should come to bid us descend to him? Before eight o'clock, he said.

ANT. Which means that at eight—although before that fatal hour, no one will come to lead us to the miserable condemned.

ELIZ. What do you say?

ANT. No one. Believe me. Oh! he knew it, sister; he knew that we should never see him more, and he wished to leave us the melancholy hope of delay, that we might survive this night. But I comprehend it well. I, who was surprised, convulsively clinging to the door of the oratorio as if I could have forced my soul to penetrate it—the truth was revealed to me. In his words, in his looks, in all his movements was the agony of the final separation. Ah! sister. [*Taking the medallion.*] He did not wait until the moment of his departure—for the scaffold—to place upon my breast this precious memorial; yesterday evening he gave it to me, and behold what remains to me of him! [*Kisses it, and places it jealously upon her breast.*]

ELIZ. Still, no! I can not renounce the hope of a last embrace. [*Looking at the window.*] The day has begun; it is after seven. [*Putting out the light.*] Oh! they will come. [*She hears the key turn in the entrance-door.*] Ah! They come! They come!

[*Enter Simon.*]

ANT. [*With a mixture of terror and eager curiosity.*] Speak!

SIM. Until midnight he remained shut up with his confessor. It must be acknowledged that he had a good many sins on his conscience; but, no matter! With four words and the sign of the cross, the Catholic priest sent him to bed tranquil—as a Bourbon. He slept placidly until morning; then he called his faithful servant, and to finish with the King, he had himself well dressed and combed to hear mass and take the communion. After that General Santerre asked whether he would like to have his family descend. No, absolutely no, he answered. I promised them, but now I no longer belong to earth. I have taken the sacrament, and am ready to depart. In fact, when I left him he was about parting. [*A sudden*

beating of drums is heard, which makes the family tremble as they stand clinging together in a mournful group.] And there is the signal of his departure. Viva the nation! [*Goes out rapidly, waving his hat, and closing the door.*]

ANT. [*In agony.*] He could have given us a last joy, and would not! He has gone without a last salutation! [*The first alarm of the drums ceases, and a funeral march is heard, which lasts for some moments, becoming always more distant. While these doleful sounds, that vibrate mournfully upon the hearts of the prisoners, continue, they remain clasped in each other's arms, as if they were one body.*] Let us pray. God of goodness! God! — [*Sobs interrupt their voices, and they cannot continue.*]

MAD. [*Who is kneeling in the centre of the group, makes an effort, and, closing her eyes and joining her hands, continues thus the prayer of the mother.*] God of goodness! God of mercy! Assist in this last moment the son of St. Louis, who has drunk the cup of gall, who has carried your cross, and who now ascends your Calvary with pardon on his lips. [*A moment of silence, interrupted with sobs.*] Angels of the Lord, surround him, sustain him, receive the innocent blood to preserve it for the Eternal! [*As above.*] Mother of sorrow! Look with merciful eyes upon the desolate widow of the best of kings, succor her, do not let her sink beneath this last blow; inspire us with words of peace, of comfort, of resignation for her.

ANT. Ah! you do not forget the last words of your father. [*Raising and embracing her tenderly.*] You are my angel! [*Without uttering another word, they withdraw slowly to the bed, upon which they sink in various attitudes, abandoned to their sorrow, which is silent and profound. After a moment of silence they hear the door open. Then they start up, looking at it with terror.*]

[*Enter Malesherbes.*]

ANT. Malesherbes! [*All surround him respectfully.*]

ELIZ. Whence do you come, faithful friend, at this moment.

MAL. To fulfill a melancholy, a supreme duty, my dear. Yesterday evening I promised the unhappy one that I would return to him this morning, before eight, to receive his last words, the messages, the salutations with which he would have intrusted me for his family.

ANT. Ah! You saw him at the last?

MAL. At last I succeeded.

ELIZ. O signor! speak.

MAD. You are, then, the spirit of our father.

DAU. We listen.

MAL. [*Taking a paper and presenting it to Marie Antoinette.*]

This is for you, madam. It is his will.

ANT. [*Receiving it and kissing it.*] Ah! for all!

ELIZ. And then?

MAL. And then—these were his words: Say to my poor wife, to my dear children, to my good sister, that they must pardon me for not having them call this morning. But it is because I do not feel the strength to endure the agony of a second separation. Tell them that I need all my strength to die like a Christian king. Ah! Let them not believe that I have wronged them; and may they remember me and love me always. And if you, my dear Malesherbes, will be near the platform where I hope to triumph in death, receive the last words of Louis XVI, and bear them to his desolate family.

ANT. And what were they?

MAD. We listen religiously.

MAL. I die innocent. I pardon the authors of my death, and pray God that my blood may never fall again upon France. He would have spoken still, but at a signal from Santerre the drums began to beat. Louis XVI, faithful to his promise, in an instant had triumphed over death! Ah! do not weep. He is much more happy than we.

THE ERL-KÖNIG.

ARRANGED BY MABELLE B. BIGGART

[*First young lady reads.*]

THE fame of Franz Schubert is now an established fact, notwithstanding that it has taken nearly half a century to infuse the idea into public minds that he was something more than a song-writer,—as if his acknowledged supremacy in the world of song were

not enough to make him famous. It was only after the patient and successful researches of Robert Schumann that even his own countrymen began to inquire into the real merits of the composer of the "Erl-König," the "Lazarus," and the Grand Symphony in C.

One of the last assertions of the dying Beethoven was that "a divine spark glows in Schubert." The latter, during his life-time, never enjoyed a very wide reputation. At home, in Vienna, he was esteemed as "a very able song-writer," and was, furthermore, looked upon as an eccentric individual, whose only redeeming quality was his homeliness, and whose highest moral characteristics were a certain honesty and cleverness of disposition.

Of Schubert's vocal pieces there may be mentioned, first the "Erl-König," set to Gothe's famous poem. It was composed one winter afternoon at his father's house. It was completed amid intense excitement. On the evening of the same day, Schubert carried it to the hall, where it was rehearsed. Subsequently, after undergoing several minor changes, Vogl claimed the ballad as peculiarly suited to his own powers, and continued to sing it in concert until his death. The "Erl-König" has now become the property of the whole world.

Schubert had long desired to get hold of some one capable of rightly interpreting his songs. Hitherto he had hummed them himself; but the desire seized him to secure Vogl, who, at the time, was the court opera singer, having been raised to the position as early as 1794. Indeed, it seemed of the utmost importance — to Schubert at least — that they should meet.

One evening, the singer, whose voice was a rich, powerful baritone, came to Schubert's apartment. The composer had been forewarned of his intended visit, but, somehow or other, had carelessly forgotten the appointed hour. When the visitors arrived, Schubert was nowhere to be found; and several minutes elapsed before he made his appearance. Elbowing right and left, and all the while muttering out something in his stammering speech, he managed to open the door. The three went in, and found the room pitch dark. The host lighted a lamp as hurriedly as possible; while Vogl, not at all disconcerted by the oddity that marked their first interview,

advanced towards the table, and, taking up a sheet of music-paper, began to hum the song "Augenlied." Was he pleased with it? No, nor did the others which he tried appear to suit him any better.

Before they parted for the night, he tapped Schubert upon the shoulder, and exclaimed: "You have got some of the real stuff in you, but not enough of the actor or of the charlatan. You lavish wastefully your good thoughts, instead of allowing them to develop."

To Schubert this appeared the most unkind cut that he had ever received; still he was not angry, but tried hard to smother the sensitive emotions that welled up in his soul. Neither was Vogl more than half in earnest in what he had spoken. A wider acquaintance induced him to cherish very favorable opinions, and he soon ascertained the real value of the songs.

Vogl sang the "Erl-König" at a concert in the Kärnthner Theatre. The ballad was encored with immense applause. Thenceforth the song had a rapid sale; and the publishers, who had not so much as issued the piece at their own expense, began to hold it up as theirs in the best of humor, and wondered why, in their miserly stupidity, they had not been able to detect "rising genius" sooner.

As was just, Schubert, too, was in the best of spirits, inasmuch as he found himself the recipient of a few precious ducats, with the prospect of securing still more, both public and private; and already he began to be known abroad as one of the greatest of song-writers.

Schubert profited largely by his intercourse with Vogl, and found him a true friend and adviser in his musical studies. The latter could always claim the honor of having introduced the young man to the artistic world. After Schubert's death, the old court-singer, already in his sixty-third year, continued to sing the songs of his former protégé, in the private circles of Vienna.

Although perfect strangers to one another, Schubert had always exhibited a natural fondness for the poetical effusions of Goethe. It was the ardent wish of the composer to glorify in sound the beautiful words of the poet. He had caught the inspiration and the necessary feeling. Who will deny that the best melodies that Schubert ever wrote are wedded to the delineations of his fond idol?

Strange as it may seem, the two great men never met. The doors of the poet's house were always open ; and from the heart of the master came the word, "Welcome." But Schubert was modest and shy. He dared not face him whose trials and triumphs were everywhere known. He had not the courage, even when holding in his hands the manuscript of the "Erl-König," to approach the author of the words, and greet him in friendship as a fellow-artist.

In the month of April, 1830, the famous Schröder-Devrient, on her way to Paris, made a brief stay at Weimar, and was there introduced to Goethe. After dinner, she was asked to sing for the amusement of the company. Among other selections, she rendered the "Erl-König," and infused into it a goodly amount of her dramatic power and sweetness. The effect was grand in the extreme ; and Goethe (now in the last years of his life), with tears rolling down his eyelids, rushed towards the brilliant singer, kissed her forehead and exclaimed :

"Thanks, a thousand thanks ! for this grand artistic performance. I once heard this composition before, but I did not like it then ; now your execution has made for me the picture complete."

Poor Schubert ! With what unbounded delight would he not have hailed this glorious utterance from the lips of the greatest of German poets.

The "Erl-König" is a mischievous and malignant being in the mythology of the ancient Germans. This piece is the opening of "Die Fischerin," one of Goethe's operas. At an advanced hour of a quiet, dark evening, the fisherman's daughter, impatiently awaiting the arrival of her father and her lover, is made to sing this song for a pastime.

The poem will now be recited in German, by Miss ———.

[*Second young lady recites.*]

Erlkönig.

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind ;

Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,

Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht? —

Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?

Der. Erlkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?

Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif. —

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!

„Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;

„Manch bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,

„Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“ —

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,

Was Erlkönig mir leise verspricht? —

Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;

In dürrn Blättern säuselt der Wind. —

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?

„Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;

„Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn

„Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“ —

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort

Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort? —

Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau:

Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. —

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;

„Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.“ —

Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!

Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids gethan! —

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,

Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,

Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Noth;

In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

[In case the reader cannot read the poem in the original, she may read the English version. A good effect may be made also by reading it both in German and in English, either by the second young lady or by a third. The playing of Schubert's music by another young lady, would heighten the effect still more. The translation is on the next page.]

THE ERL-KING.—TRANSLATION.

Who rideth so late through the night-wind wild ?

It is the father with his child.

He has the little one well in his arm ;

He holds him safe, and he folds him warm.

My son, why hidest thy face so shy ?—

Seest thou not, father, the Erl-King nigh ?

The Erl-King, with train and crown ?—

It is a wreath of mist, my son.

“Come, lovely boy, come, go with me ;

Such merry plays I will play with thee ;

Many a bright flower grows on the strand,

And my mother has many a gay garment at hand.”

My father, my father, and dost thou not hear

What the Erl-King whispers in my ear ?—

Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my child ;

Through withered leaves the wind howls wild.

“Come, lovely boy, wilt thou go with me ?

My daughters fair shall wait on thee ;

My daughters their nightly revels keep ;

They’ll sing, and they’ll dance, and they’ll rock thee to sleep.”

My father, my father, and seest thou not

The Erl-King’s daughters in yon dim spot ?—

My son, my son, I see and I know

’Tis the old gray willow that shimmers so.

“I love thee ; thy beauty has ravished my sense ;

And, willing or not, I will carry thee hence.”—

O father, the Erl-King now puts forth his arm !

O father, the Erl-King has done me harm !

The father shudders; he hurries on;
 And faster he holds his moaning son;
 He reaches his home with fear and dread,
 And, lo! in his arms the child was dead.

MME. EEF.

MONSIEUR Adam was all alone in ze garden. He have plenty for eat and plenty for drink and ees very comfortable, but he 'ave not much clothes.

Von evening he lie down on ze ground for take a nap. In ze morning he wake viz pain in his side.

He say: "Oh, mon Dieu, vat ees ze mattair, eh? Ah! le Diable, ees von rib gone! I shall take un promenade in ze open air. I shall feel bettaire."

He promenade. Mme. Eef she approach. It is ze first lady zat M. Adam have ever met; it ees Mme. Eef's first entree to society. They approach each other and both are very much attract. M. Adam, he say: "Madame, shall I 'ave ze plaisir for promenade viz you?"

Mme. Eef respond, "I shall be most happy," and they valk together.

They promenade under an arbre; un arbre viz ze pretty appel on it; ze pretty appel viz ze red streak.

Monsieur le Serpent he sit up in ze arbre. He 'ave pretty mask all over hees face—look like elegant gentilhomme.

Madame Eef she see Monsieur le Serpent viz ze pretty mask and ze appel viz ze red streak, and she ees very much attract.

Monsieur le Serpent he say, "Madame Eef, shall I 'ave ze plaisir for peek you un appel?"

Madame Eef she reach out her hand for take ze appel.

Monsieur Adam he say: "Hola! hola! voila! Vat you do, eh? Do you not know ees prohibit? You must not touch ze appel! If

you eat ze appel you shall become like un Dieu—you shall know ze good from ze evil!"

Monsieur le Serpent he take un pinch of snuff. He say: "Monsieur Adam, ees prohibit for you. If you eat ze appel you shall become like un Dieu—you shall know ze good from ze evil. But Madame Eef—Madame Eef—she cannot become more of a goddess zan she ees now."

And zat finish Madame Eef.

THEY DON'T AGREE.

WHAT HE THINKS OF HER:

SHE'S lovely! Her eyes are as blue as
 The dear little flower that shone
 In the grass at the end of the summer—
 What its name is I never have known;
 And her hair's quite unique in this age of
 The fluffy, with curls bright and crisp;
 And her voice—why, it's simply delicious
 To hear her sweet infantile lisp;
 And her blush is divine; and her smile is
 So artless that really she seems
 To me like the angelic maidens
 That sometimes we meet in our dreams.

WHAT HIS SISTER THINKS:

I declare *I* can see nothing in her
 Short ringlets, like coils of red wire,
 Or the smile she's eternally wearing
 Or her baby blue eyes, to admire;
 And her lisp, how absurdly *it* strikes me
 'Twould be useless to try to express,

But if *I* in that way were afflicted
 I'd shun every word with an "S;"
 And in spite of her innocent blushes
 And dimples she can't deceive *me*,
 For I know her to be just as artful
 As any young woman could be.

OUT AT SEA.

J. S. FLETCHER.

I KNOW that I am dying, mate, so fetch the Bible here,
 What's laid unopened in the chest for five-and-twenty year;
 And bring a light along of you, and read a bit to me;
 We have n't heard a word of it since first I came to sea.

It's five-and-twenty year, lad, since she went to her rest
 Who put that there old Bible at the bottom of my chest;
 And I can well remember the words she says to me:
 "Now, don't forget to read it, Tom, when you get out to sea."

And I never thought about it, mate, for it clean slipped from my
 head;

But when I come from my first voyage, the dear old girl was dead.
 And the neighbors told me, while I stood still as still can be,
 That she prayed for me and blessed me, as was just gone out to sea.

And then I shipped again, mate, and forgot the Bible there,
 For I never gave a thought to it, a-sailing everywhere;
 But now that I am dying you can read a bit to me,
 As seems to think about it, now I'm ill and down at sea.

And find a little prayer, lad, and say it up right loud,
 So that the Lord can hear it if it finds Him in a crowd.

I can scarce hear what you're saying for the wind that howls to lec ;
But the Lord 'll hear above it all, for He's been out at sea.

It's set in very dark, mate, and I think I'll say good-night,
But stop—look there ! why, mate, why, Bill, the cabin's turning
light ;
And the dear old mother's standing there as gave the book to me !
All right ; I'm coming ! Bill, good-bye ! My soul's going out to sea.

MRS. PIPER.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

MRS. Piper was a widow — “ Oh, dear me !
This world is not at all,” she said, “ the place it used to be !
Now my poor husband, he was such a good man to provide —
I never had the leastest care of anything outside !
But now,
Why, there's the cow,
A constant care, and Brindle's calf I used to feed when small,
And those two Ayrshire heifers that we purchased in the fall —
Oh, dear !
My husband sleeping in the grave, it's gloomy being here !
The oxen Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two year old,
The blind mare and the little colt, they all wait to be sold !
For how am I to keep 'em now ? and yet how shall I sell ?
And what's the price they ought to bring, how *can* a woman tell ?
Now Jacob Smith, he called last night, and staid till nine o'clock,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and tried to buy my stock
He said he'd pay a higher price than any man in town ;
He'd give his note, or, if I chose, he'd pay the money down.
But, there !
To let him take those creeturs off, I really do not dare !

For 'tis a lying world, and men are slippery things at best;
My poor dear husband in the ground, he wasn't like the rest!
But Jacob Smith's a different case; if I would let him, now,
Perhaps he'd wrong me on the horse, or cheat me on the cow;
And so

↑ do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'

Mrs. Piper was a widow — "Oh, dear me!
A single woman with a farm must fight her way," said she.
"Of everything about the land my husband always knew;
I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to do;
But now,
What fields to plow,
And how much hay I ought to cut, and just what crops to sow,
And what to tell the hired men, how *can* a woman know?
Oh, dear!
With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonesome being here!
Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on me again,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and staid till after ten;
He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or to lease —
I do declare, I wish that man would give me any peace!
For, there!
To trust him with my real estate I truly do not dare;
For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me underhand;
And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the land;
And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves he'll strike for then.
It's risky work when women folk have dealings with the men!
And so
I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'

Mrs. Piper was a widow — "Oh dear me!
Yet I have still some mercies left; I won't complain," said she.
"My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better world than this;
'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him heaven's bliss!
So now,
I ought to bow

Submissively to what is sent — not murmur and repine ;
The hand that sends our trials has, in all, some good design.
Oh, dear !

If we knew all, we might not want our buried lost ones here !
And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was not to see
About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was me !
He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd be his wife,
And if I did not he should lead a most unhappy life.
He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly, for my sake,
The care of all my stock and farm he would consent to take —
And, there !

To slight so plain a Providence I really do not dare !
He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on the farm —
I haven't since my husband died had such a sense of calm !
I think the man was sent to me — a poor lone woman must,
In such a world as this, I feel, have some one she can trust ;
And so

I do not feel it would be right for me to answer ' No. ' ”

